Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 61

‘A writing style of consciousness, that lingers within the subconscious.’

1

‘IT WAS A DESIRE TO BURN,’ coal, and live about were caring about what was underground than above, ever so- softly there was snow falling around. In a light blue twilight in the hills, snaking in the dusk, was a long train pulling coal cars, and on the other track, rushing by in a slower track as a dimly light passenger train, rumbling beside the other with the beam brightly a glow as it goes past.

It was seven A.M. early moorings, and the train has just rounded, ‘The Hours Cover’ just outside Altoona

Pennsylvania. 30 miles in the remoteness of the main city, it is small-town life- in the 1920s, the path the train takes are ruthless, and unforgiving- death-defanging at times, and treacherous.

It was a special pleasure to see things eaten, dragged up and pathways carved deep into the hillsides, maiming was life- in a small town. Life and man's faces blackened with coal dust altered history. With the shovels and outlet in their fists, with this great python like covers, and spitting venomous gasses upon the world out of deep shafts, their blood pounded in their head- and water dripping down backs man are at work, the

workingman’s hands were the hands of some amazing conductor playing all the symphonies of blazing and scorching to bring down the rags and coal ruins of history. As the path, the train took to make a town and life within.

The lights and staccato flashes and flickers placating of the nearing town worm glow, the cast of low hanging smoke in the air below- blanked by the covering of ice and show, nearing as the train grinds down the rails. Yet under the ground was a world to very much alive, with men and their symbolic helmet with the name upon saying- ‘Brane’s and Tucker.’

Blast and sprays of rushing water, and rats, 7 miles out and under, odd above the train, they do not even think about in their 7-hour shift. On his stolid head is the mask of black- and sours from sclaffer- blistering, and his eyes all orange flame with the thought of what came next, looking at the man next to him that holds his life in his hands- also with the passion to work underground- that has become his life, like breaded into his nature.

The flicker of a gas lamp is all the light he needs to make a living, the igniter jumped up (fire) in a gorging enthusiasm, (blast) that burned the evening red and

yellow and then black- it was a new seam of coal. ‘Come on boys load it well it easy, we get paid by the ton.’

Everything in the life of small-town life is owned by the company- the home, the store, and even your life was owned by the establishment, work to give them their money back. Slender row homes pack, crammed, a hellish wasteland to some, that was above the ground. Boxes with shingles, a new contraption that makes one feel as if there being a shout from a cannon, called the automobile.

1914, saw some of the first cars, own within these parts. About 6 months into the war, a young man just out of school, that was heading for the mines, ended up on the firing lines. Brakes screech mean jumping train cars, flagman’s swinging lanterns, crossing tracks, a car hitting as they were cupelled together, a man in boxcars, all going for the war effort. ‘Poor buggers, they’re not coming back.’ Said, the Engineer, drooping over the window of the engine. The flam of the firebox scorching his face, with the thing that is most substernal to this world coal.

Whistle scram, one the train, two the shifts at the mines, steam of the name of the game… hurry up and wait. The train has more cars and more cars banging, hitting hard-linked up, everything is hazed and masked with steam, and dim light, another world, to the elders of the town- who are not welcoming the revulsions. Puffing and breathless, are the trains alike the workers in their world to that is the only worlds they know, that are not afraid of a little coal dust.

The valley full of autumn-fall color leaves rescaled in the wind of changes. Tons of coal, crossing bypasses-

viaducts, and twisting hills, rolling thunder, of still horses, all ones the thing that is most valued coal. Dark weather, glum-looking waters, storms- of fear, hunger, and passion, rivers like the Susquehanna, breaking up what should be paths of least resistance. Valleys and mountains, lights below, town scattered about within.

The Village of McAnulty became Borough 14 within the districts of the purlieu, within the United States. Swarms of fireflies- like hot ash was dumped on the rails before the train left the small green station, one town over.

He wanted above all, like the old joke, to shove a marshmallow on a stick in the furnace, while the flapping pigeon-winged books died on the porch and lawn of the house. While the books went up in sparkling whirls and blew away on a wind turned dark with burning.

Church bells clang, babies scream, and live in the town is at the start of rapped swiftness, to the ear-shattering sounds- blowing throughout the valley.

2

Merrill smirked the brutal grin of all men singed and driven back by dust, water, a heat. He knew that when he

returned to the above ground, he might glint at himself, an entertainer man, seared corked, in the hand mirror.

Deep in the valley's children are still asleep, and rising, to the don, of a school day, yet- I have been working all night. Night, and day- it is all the same to me, the sun slowly glinting on the church steeples, and the crosses and domes glitter in shimmers.

Later, going to sleep, he would feel the fiery smile still gripped by his face muscles, in the dark- of a man that was truly a man in his world. It never

went away, that- beam, it never went away if he thinks of… change.

New things in the town were being added, and old were coming down, it was the superlative of periods, and it was the nastiest. Streetcars of orange started to pull passengers down the man streets, to jobs and nearby shops, wall to wall people, it was… as Merrill could barely keep his eyes open, well on them for the ride home. Gas lamps flicker, slowly going out, to the start of a new day, it was a long ride home, 10 cents one way, leaving 7 for the day of work completed. And the cost of bread was 5 cents. ‘Working like a rat- for 2 cents he

moaned- to be an old man by the time I am 40.'

The hospital was added on for the fourth time, in less than 10 years. Passing the same things over and over, repetitious. Passing fiery piles of bony, 'useless junk,' he said, along with saying- 'stinking up the neighborhood.'

The low fog was bringing off, to the sun's rays, dry and crisp frigid air, and white wispy smoke streaming from chammy's atop the box-like homes, that were lined up like soldiers in a row- in a tension.

He hung up his black -colored helmet and shined the identification plat with his number 777 on his sleeve, he hung his overalls along with his crusty filthy jacket neatly- under the hat on the hook by the door of his home- that the mines own; he showered lavishly- in the basement- never- ever getting the dust out of the skin in his hands, or the look of black eyeliner from his eyes, his back scabs, and a long run of blood, down his spine, and then, whistling, hands in pockets, walked across the upper floor- hard old wood, of the home and fell into his bed- his last thoughts were- Reilly No. 1 Mine is opening up tomorrow, with 77

new men, and he is overseeing them all- and the pay is good. And his thought trails off.

At the last moment, when disaster seemed optimistic, he pulled his hands from his pouches of his PJ’s, the heels one inch from the end of the mattress. It was the end of a day, and the best part is he and his wife just sighed in the name of love- she streaks into the hall and down to the bath, and then she was not off to tend to the children and be a wife, he was dreaming not about her- but his true first love the coal mine.

3

Merrill is Navaeh's great-great-grandfather, and now that Nevaeh has had some time for herself, she thought it was best to go back in time and study her ancestry. This is my home, she thought- yet everything looks so different. Like all men from my homeland, it was coal mines, moonshine, and moving down the line.

And I have so much to prepare between now and then! I need this time thought Nevaeh.

(Back to the present time)

Except when it does not, I feel the most fear- over knowing what next, by

them, I always did, and I feel that I always well.

‘Anyway, I am leaving soon, just after school gets out.’

‘How many times have you graduated now?’

‘Ha- it has become an inside joke- with me.’ Said Naddalin.

‘…And you have kept all your tassels.’

I did not want to say yet this is our last time to be together… I am moving on to a new life.

I do as the locals of the time and try to be part of a place and time that is not fitting for me, funny you should say that that is exactly what your other half is doing at this very moment.

‘Seriously perfect.’ I smile, and the best of it all. ‘Congrats, on making thought yet another 4 years of repetition, it to see what you lost.’

‘It’s all part of the wonderful game!’ Naddalin said.

‘That’s so cool. And well deserved I might add. I only wish I could have been there with her now- and see her heritage-

you know her roots- after all that village is the town in her story.’

And the moment I say it, I realize it is true- I was missing her, I am happy for her- yet I feel like I am losing yet, another person in my life, as she always did, that is because I am partly her now.

‘It would be so nice to escape all my problems; Besides, I miss hanging with her, already.’ She whispered.

(Random thought)

I remember when I had a phrenologist read my head, saying that I was brilliant, I was always special, to that just I sometimes wonder if he was right?

(Deeper thoughts of the moment)

The last few weeks when she and Haven (along with the rest of the school,) were under AVA's and her blackbird clans' spells were some of the loneliest days of my life. You can see them flying above the castle when they are transfigured into black cowers. And they peck and stock their parry.

Not having Naddalin beside me was more than I could bear- now and even worlds apart too, but not having the care of my two best friends nearly sent me over the edge, also.

Nevertheless, she and Haven did not evoke any of that, none of them doing this to me when she investigated my memories- as she did with the prophecies. Only Naddalin can access small bits and pieces- after all, she is half of me over the fact, she and I have split souls, and what she recalls leaves her feeling- guilty, as I do with her, yet it is what we had to do for immortality.

We stay in youth hostels, backpack around-how cool is this… right for life and beyond? All of us, you know, you and Naddalin, Haven and I, and me and whoever... feels the need to escape when you can’t escape the thoughts in

your head, and the visions that play in your mind brought on by them, over souls being linked together.'

'You and whoever… we meat along the way too…? We will change them into us and make a militia- to take them down, and we well- in time- the time is everything when the time is everlasting.' I glanced at her.

'What's that about? TIME'

'There is no such thing in our world.'

'I'm a realist.' She shrugs, 'and still keep track of all things related to time.'

‘Oh, come on.’ I roll my eyes. ‘Since when?’

‘Since last night when I found out I’m going back home and starting over, said Emmah, who was not partaking in the war.’

Emmah- ‘I have been through enough, pain and saw far too much by not seeing at all!’

4

She giggles, running a hand through her brown hair.

‘Listen, you all are so-o great and all, don’t get me wrong, yet this is what I must do.’

Nonetheless, I am not fooling myself, to think I am not going to be here in spirit.

‘I am not pretending it’s anything more than it is, am I, or well become?’ Said Haven, yet something greater than us if we all stand together.

‘…Woman warriors?’ The question was asked.

It is like we have an expiration date, you know- and we keep having to start over and then find each other to do

so, and it is just my time- said Emmah to try over- like all of you, and I know that you have, I will see you again, like- I promise? You guys are different, you're lifer's afterlife.'

Let us see a show with a full three acts with a definite beginning, middle, and end. It is not like with you and Naddalin.

'Lifers?' I peer at her, shaking my head as I stop at a traffic light. 'Sounds more like a prison term than a happily ever after- yet that is how girls like us- their lives go.'

‘You know what I mean, don’t you?’

She inspects her shape, turning her hot-pink nails the way and that. ‘It’s just that you guys are so in tune with each other, so connected, and I was never part of all this over my un-chosen disabilities, that I no longer have. Said Emmah.

And I mean that literally by the way since you’re always going at it.’

Alissa- Still thinks you are a- ‘dumb ass slut!’ along with Alissa- ‘an idiotic tramp!’

Allison- ‘still thinks you’re a lazy crazy no-good bugger.’

Adriane- Still thinks you are a- ‘She is a no-talent hoe-bag!’

Ava- Still thinks you are a- ‘you’re a psycho tart!’ Said Emmah.

‘The world never really changes, even if it expands.’ Said Nevaeh.

Not anymore, I swallow hard, waking fast the second the light turns from not showing the hand, crossing the intersection with a loud screech of heels stopping for us to go down the walkway, and leaving a thick trail of rubber behind them.

‘Look,’ said Haven, just overhead was an exceptionally low flying massive

dark gray jet, is making water vapor, that was changing the weather patterns- and the clement for the year.

The wind whispered as if comforting the cloaked figure that darted in and out of the trees, at us trying to still happiness and joy.

The sky was blackened with the inky night, but little dots of reassuring stars provided some light as it was getting ever so darker and dark to the point of eerie glum. No more than the luminescent blood moon that hung loosely in the sky above. And pink rainfall, splashing about. Also, like blood…

But even after I sat still for a moment to think she was nowhere to be found; Nevaeh vanished. As we were being dreamed of all mummeries and thoughts- and even time stood still.

A rustle and a twig snap broke the silence that enveloped the cloaked figure, and it ran faster all around us inclosing- making them airtight.

As fast as the wind seemed to carry it until finally, it reached the defrayal. Looking into the canopy of trees that masked the depths of the dim forest it set the two parcels well concealed in its cloak on the ground. One the key or life-

and wisdom, and the other- the heart-shaped ring of undying stamina and love of others and life even in the darkest of days, just parts to make one most powerful fallen angel, to the point of a god. All things that belonged to the missing girl! We know as Nevaeh.

Emmah- I am about to climb a wall in panic, wondering where she could be- as I was about to say my last goodbye, when she appears right beside me putrefied like gruesome death- and I blink- blink and blink once more, her hand in mine the whole time- and rushed in for my heart as it was ripped out of me- for them…

‘Emmah,’ they all scream as she fads into ash before them all! I think I have blacked out a moment there- said Haven- confused about the events.

Refusing to slow until fear- we ran into a parking lot, and I scan for Naddalin in the fetal position, who always seems to stare down danger more than us, in a second- she was next to me- more scared than all of us combined.

Then the figure removed the hood that hung over its head to reveal the sorrowful face of a woman, cracked skin that was more than evil- flacking, and palling, eyes black cover over with a hint

of milky haze. Bloody fingers of bones reach out to Naddalin’s face. With no-where to run… or it would pop up before her asking for her to surrender.

Her light brown hair curtained her face as she crouched on the ground and began pouring the black liquid of ink across the grass, she keeps- keeping creatures like this away.

Yet this was not an average dementor- this was Mazel back from the grave, yet without a full body to call her own. Stilling some of the bones of Lance, the soul of Lily, the mind of Melissa and the heart of Emmah she arose again, like

a mixed, fetus making a new child to a grown woman, before them within the darkness of the black curtains- like a flaming stone tower- with the fools she took as her own like within. Stopping at nothing to have eternal life and glory.

Mazel- screamed to them all is- ‘The only true voyage, the only bath in the Fountain of Youth, would be not to visit strange lands but to possess other eyes, to see the universe through the eyes of another, of a hundred others, to see a hundred universes that each of them sees, that each of them is; and this we do- with talented artists; with artists like these we

do fly from star to star, and world to new world.’

An owl hooted within the dark trees of the woods in the background, distracting her only for a second but she continued to move across the clearing, her back hunched with concentration- this she was there for the taking and even the final kill.

She asks, glancing at me and all of them, and slings her backpack over her shoulder. Naddalin nods- and the sparks of powers link up and combine. Powers to powers matched up, almost equal.

‘A hundred and ten more will not stop me.’ Mazel said, as the spark flows- from finger to finger.

Naddalin laughs, as she knows that Naveah is safe in her body and her mind. Even if thoughts of defeat are what she is after.

‘Nevaeh is always smarter, and one step ahead.’ Always- she muttered under her breath.

5

Her hands shifted in position so that her two middle fingers were facing downwards. A burst of light erupted from the hexagon they were now standing

within, which was aflame, and the wind blew stronger, causing her whippy spiderweb-like cloak to toss around her- as her wings spread to take the backward thrust. She stares at her eyes practically bugging out of her head, unable to understand how anyone could do such a thing- such- evil, hate, and cruelty.

(The next day)

‘Um, okay, so let me get the traditional treatment- you would like to go through, we could see a lot more, with the ones you want to please and film it all to show the worlds, and we can get this done a lot faster- she said.

And then there was a flash of light that was knocked out by the feeling of mass blooming around them.

(A week has passed)

‘So-o you just woke up and decided-hurry, what the hell?’ ‘…And we must look like the locals- and do as they do, yet they are looking to you to help them- you are the glimmer of hope they need- symbolic.’

The others- ‘Nevaeh is the hope you need to make unity, she immortal- yet that doesn’t mean that she can get hurt and have all this take its toll on her.’

‘We get you one- a pin with an angle on it along with your name, and in the same breath she said, Emmah and I well were them proudly- just like them that is in famine and feeling the pain of hunger, and loss- by mass death- neutral or not.’

There are flags and banners now with this logo on it showing a moment for change, to end this war, and to take down the evil that has arrows once more…

‘The mass kill needs to stop, by the hands of the rich- or the powerful- that made their way by corruption.’

This is the same world that we wanted to run from, remember the 3 the girls, mother, and child and Naddalin too and so forth. Said Haven, walking towards them was a small army of perfect rugged men, in black iridescent uniforms- mussels ripped and rigged- smiles disabling, the hello begin, with a strong stiff handshake Sargent Tristan Billups, Privet Britt Macdonald, the following also Marines to ad one of our comrades, family unites- after all this is a repaid debt of Kristen, greetings- Elwood Dugan, Ahmad Turnbull, Mel Larsen, Rodrick Patino, Bryce Rosser, Clemente Cason, Dino Haight, Deshawn Pape, Clair Delagarza,

and Emil Antoine. We are also here to guard you.

Naddalin shrugs, saying ‘Pretty much- the hottest men in the world are here to do as we ask’- with an attitude.

‘You have a lock yourself into to being- a part of us…’ she said, ‘…and the people around here are not like back home, even if we are part of the old ways of life, war, and law.’

‘Because in case you have not noticed,’ Emmah says, practically hyperventilating now- this is a war and most of us will not have a life if they take

our world, or each of our minds and souls one by one.

‘Some of us were born to parents so cruel and unusual they’re forced to make these kids live this way, I remember being like this- like them too said Karly, to rely on the kindness- of those that say FREAK you to your face, and open your mouth to take a crap in it, the only friends for the rest of their lives- they have to answer too, thanks unwanted, no love, no raising, and lack of education. All to true, and yes, I would take the gift of having one of your immense power men help a week- a meek little girl like me- thanks!’

‘Sorry.’ Naddalin shrugs, about that- yet you did get all that you wanted and more, she said to Karly.

‘Did I now?’ She said in a fast replay.

‘Guess- I hadn’t thought about that, all that much that was all here over the same facts as the ones that are all around us- that all are all outside of this bunker that was now in.’

‘We need to go out there and fight her.’

‘Yet she has taken over some many minds now- getting in their heads, of kids, just babies, 5 through 12 and

using their minds to amass her army agents us- like programmed robots, were outnumbered- by someone’s baby, and I am not killing kids,’ Nevaeh screamed.

Yet the bloodbath has already begun, over 1,000 children have passed this week- splattered down by automatic gunfire- by big muscular men, yet we had to do this even without your say after all- you needed your rest as she was holding her hand in her room next to her hospital bed. buzzers, beepers, and signals going out in the background, you do not have the place to take mine.

This is not what I wanted! She said in a frustrated blowing scream in the face of the head Marine that was her grandchild.

‘Actually, I do.’

6

Though if it makes you feel any better, it was all for a particularly good cause- even the children’s death.’ (She gives double thumbs up! And a wide smile with her head turned to one side.)

‘If you say so-o.’

And when she looks at me, eyes meeting mine in that way that she has,

along with the usual wave of warmth, I get the horrible feeling that ditching her now over this would hurt me more than ever before, this was just the start of her plans- for the good of us all, and me too, walking with me down the long dinginess halls she taking- she is in her dress uniform, she thought- moving faster than her mouth that was going far too fast also for me to grasp…

Then lastly, she said- ‘it’s been a long time Grandma.’

Looking around everyone got eerily quiet, then one of the men said.

‘It is time for you to go now Emmah.’

‘But Emmah has never traveled with gold dust before has she to other worlds.’ Said one of the girls snakingly with her voice.

‘It’s okay, just make sure you say where you are going most clearly.’

‘How’d you get to school? One girl said to Emmah as she pooped into the hallway before their eyes- now in her homeland.’

‘Do I have homework?’ Emmah asked.

Look were seniors and just girls, and all we must do is author a paper with less than 250 words in them a week to have a 2nd-grade education- you know- you did not miss anything this week, as any week, it is just school, where have you been?

‘I can’t say…’

‘Ooooh!’ They all said.

‘Don’t feel bad, Nevaeh was doing ‘The Modern Curriculum Press Phonics Kindergarten book in 8th grade.’ She whispered.

~*~

I ask, just as we reach the front gate where Haven is waiting, took the train as you, and walked and walked… to get here and now it is time to go already, are a week of getting caught up is over.

‘She rode the train- why there are much faster ways these days you know.’ Said one of them… and unanimously all the other girls agreed.

Haven glances between us, she recently dyed- in her world to the ones that are alive to have a new rebirth, her bangs falling into her face, to make herself look Earthlier, to the ones that were once just that Earthing’s. ‘I kid you

not, this is the last time I want to start over. I would not have believed it either, but I saw it with my own eyes, she was classed as a girl forever- and nothing more but children, doing, thinking, and acting.

We all watched her- like us, climb right off that big steamer train, with all the other freshmen, dorks, retards, and rejects who that were all like us, unlike Naddalin, have no other choice but to ride, remember those days.'

She shakes her head, saying do not say it like that- think it does not say it even if true. That we may never see all of

us in one place again. And one by one they were going with their three-man to keep them safe in their new yet old life.

‘And I was so shocked by the sight of it- Naddalin with grades around her within the school, I blinked a bunch of times just to make sure it was her after all, were her best friends and all.’ Casey Dodson, Crystal Gordon, and Andria Peters.

Casey Dodson has green eyes; she has a heart's happed birthmark under her chin. Crystal Gordon has brown eyes- that you just cannot help but fall in love with, like every boy around, yet she gets

angry easily- like- on and off- about anything, and everything. Andria Peters, she has blue eyes, and scars on her wrist from cutting, it is a girl thing- had her heart broken too many times? Yet there are my best friends at the end here in my world; or at least at this point in my life, like everything they come and go.

And then, when I still was not convinced, I snapped a pic on my cell and sent it to Josh who confirmed it- I was done with him, and falling for Crystal Gordon, that has wavy brown hair down to the floor of length.' And that too has made Andria a little made, yet now she has her run at the game of having my old

man, I do not want him anyways, boys are so immature!

She holds it up for us to see a pic of her and me kissing.

I glance at Naddalin, also in the photos of the past and think far too much, wondering what she could- be up to- now far- far- away from me in her little world, and that is when I notice she is ditched her usual cashmere sweater in place of a plain cotton tee- in this, and how her designer jeans have been replaced with no- name plain pockets- cut off to make short shorts- all fringy, her early look as she calls it, of being all WOMAN.

Even the brown boots she is near-famous for have been swapped for girlie rubber lime green flip-flops.

And even though she does not need any of that dash and flash to look as incredibly beautiful as the first day we met-the new low-key look just is not her- I thought. She is not the girl that I used to know- yet neither am I am falling for Crystal. And Josh too is now a reembraces of all things in my past, that my mind is squaring in shaking- trembling- temptations to hit the delete button too all and whip out over 7 years of my life as it was. Knowing the consecutive of my actions, I think not, I meanly I do not

what to have to look in a crystal ball to find my past like Naddalin, that is not spilled- with Neveah soul.

‘Or at least not the girl- that I am so-o used to, all the thoughts rushing.’

I mean, while Naddalin is incontrovertibly smart, kind, loving, and generous- she is also more than a tad colorful and otiose at times, over the fact of her split to Nevaeh, and she was never the same- old girl she was when I liked her so much.

Yet right now- I cannot think about anything anymore- over the fact that Am’s is standing next to me, and all it

smells like her many regrets, couch, and last night's lunch.

'Dating is like a game of duck-duck goose, look at the one you want- get called out, run around chasing him or her, and then hopefully win the game- by getting in their spot before you tagged.'

7

Always worried about her clothes- her life and her girl too, her image in general- along with smarts, and the lack of them. Though Andria.

Also, do not even try and pin her down on her exact date of birth, since for someone who chose to be immortal, she

has a definite multi-layered hidden point of view about her age- to use she is always the same age as the young teen girl.

Nonetheless, even though I normally could not care less about the clothes she wears or her ride to school look either, when I look at her again, I get the horrible chink in my belly-an an unrelenting push, demanding my notice.

A definite warning that is merely the beginning. That the sudden transformation goes deeper than some cost-cutting, altruistic, environmentally conscious agenda. No, it has something to

do with last night. Something about being haunted by her karma. Like she is convinced herself that giving up her most prized possessions will somehow balance it all out.

‘Shall we…?’

Naddalin smiles at Crystal, grasping my hand the second the bell rings, all in a day of looking as if I am human- leading me away from Vella Johansen and Hallie Lima who will spend the next three phases of their time texting back and forth, trying to determine what is up with Naddalin. thought Crystal, looking at them with disgust.

I look at her, her gloved covering hand in mine as we heard down the hall, whispering, ‘What’s going on? What happening with us- are we falling in love?’

Three girls’ hands and hands going down the sidewalk… the eyes never- ever stop looking, do they? She spoke.

‘I already told you.’ she shrugs her hold body. ‘I don’t need it; I need you not them so that is all the matters to me anyway. It’s an unnecessary sympathy, I no longer care to indulge.’

‘…Okay?’ She whispered.

‘No hesitation very insufficient individuals comprehend the virtuously individual fauna of the marvel that we call love, or how it creates and accompanying soul, distinct from the creature whom the world knows by the same name, a being most of whose essential rudiments are consequent from ourselves.’

She giggles, looking at me smiling. But when I do not join in, she sinkers more and shakes her head and says, ‘Don’t look so serious. It is not a big deal. When I realized it is not something I need, I drove all the thoughts of what they think out and left them hopefully behind for good.’

‘Desires are like snaps: in the attendance of the creature, we love- unsexed in all, we take only noes, which we grow later, at home, when we have at our removal once more our inner dark room, the door of which it is strictly forbidden to open while others are existing.’

I press my lips together and stare straight ahead, wishing I could climb inside her mind- like I can with my other girls- in time I well I thought- in time, and see the thoughts she keeps all to herself- deep, and what is lost in the deep sea she calls her still-beating heart- that is worm-like her body to the touch, get to the

bottom of what the is really about- when I am cold and my heart has not made a sound in years- as if dead, and my hands to her always as cold as ice- yet somehow I look alive.

Because not-with-standing the way she looks at me, despite the dismissive shrug that she gives, nothing she is said makes the least bit of sense. Though Crystal, yet I am in love with her body.

‘Well, that’s fine and all, I mean, if that’s what you need to do, then great, have fun.’ I shrug, fully swayed that it is not at all great, though knowing better

than to say it aloud, I thought it was time to go home.

‘But just how are you planning to get around now that you’ve forsaken your ride?

I mean, in case you haven’t noticed, this is not back home where you can run around freely- with a girl- and kiss and hold hands and PDA as much as your pleas, you can’t get anywhere without having a drive-its-self-car-cab-pass- either she thought, I should have kept it.’ Yet see the source image ‘The Guardian Taxi’s’ cost… even if- you need one or not.

She looks at me, amused by my surge of lighter- as I make the call with my thought of mind- for the car to come, which is not exactly the reaction- like- um- I had planned on- yet- um- sure. ‘What’s wrong with the bus? It’s free.’

‘And gross… and goo-eee!’

I gape, shaking my head, hardly believing my ears- that when she is next to poor- she would not take something free. ‘And since when do you worry about cost, missy- ‘here $50- go.’’

Thanks, you did not have to do that, yet but- forced sex heading into the 5 p.m. and nighttime is a thing on free

bus… so, it is best if you have your way home.

‘As some shallow, money-oriented, self-absorbed, buyer-driven slob?’ She said yelling, teasing all mischievously; as I get into my nice worm clean self-driving mostly transparent glass and glowing in soft light- cab; her voice whims off- as the car speeds off down the road.

Crystal- ‘No!’ I cry, shaking my head and squeezing my hand to the other over the top of the other. Hoping to convince me even though, I did mean it- not being mean yet truthful- she is now in

poverty. Only not in a bad way- like some around here- as she thinks- she is or something even- if- as you know.

At one time, she had my old boyfriend appreciate the finer things in life kind of thing, and less in my girlfriend's now she is the version of what I am looking for in that kind of way, even if a girl.

'I just-' I squint, wishing I could be even half as eloquent as her, but still forging ahead when I say, 'I guess I just don't get it.' I shrug. 'And what's up with the gloves?' I raise her leather-clad hand to where we can see.

‘Isn’t it obvious?’ She shakes her head and pulls me toward the door.

But I just stay put, refusing to budge. Nothing is obvious… Nothing makes sense anymore.

She pauses, hand on the knob, more than a little hurt when she says, ‘I thought it was an acceptable resolution for now. But perhaps you’d prefer I not touch you at all?’

Not at all!

That is not what I intended!

8

(Back at school)

I Nevaeh- Switching to telepathy

I have a new girl in my head named- Andria too young to die as she did, the moment some classmates approach- I see here there terrified of girls like us, yet she faced death with no fear, reminding her how hard it has been avoiding any skin-on-skin contact for the last three days- with she is just so squeezable- cute.

Fantasizing, I had a cold when we both know we do not get sick, and other ridiculous avoidance techniques that left me feeling deeply ashamed- I was wishing for the day when sickness was not a thing again.

It was torture, pure- and simple. To have a girlfriend so gorgeous, so sexy, so amazingly awesome-and to not be able to touch her- is the worst kind of agony.

‘I mean, I know we can’t risk any accidental palm sweat exchange or anything like that, but still, don’t you think it looks kind of odd, the world we live in, and I fear sickness?’ I whisper, the second we are alone again.

‘I don’t care about that.’ She gazes open, sincere, and fixed right on mine. ‘I don’t care what other people think. I only care about you.’

She squeezes my fingers and opens the door with her mind, leading me right past Leilani Ogle, a second-year girl, and the other girls as we head for our desks.

And even though I have not seen her since Friday when she woke from Andria's spell, I am sure her hatred for me has not dampened a bit. It had to be Lily, she would only be that one that could have, and the only one to be back with us. A new girl is yet tremendously powerful.

But while I am fully braced for her usual ploy of dropping her bag in my path to trip me-today she is too distracted

by Naddalin's fresh look to play that tired old game. Her unhurried gaze traveling the length of her, from her head to her toes, before starting all over again.

Nonetheless, just because she ignores me does not mean I can relax or trust that it is over. Because the truth is, it is never over with when it comes to Nevaeh and Naddalin- and the evil they share within.

Nevaeh has made that abundantly clear- that Naddalin will always be a part of her. If anything, she is more charged up and vicious than ever- making the little reprieve nothing more

than the calm before the storm. As always with those two. ‘Ignore her,’ Naddalin whispers, scooting her desk so close the edges practically overlap the new girls to the point of freaky creepy- eyes bulging even at her.

Nevaeh- Besides even though I nod as though I am- relaxed, the truth is- I cannot- help but feel the way I did about her in the past. I still care for Naddalin, who is part of me- always, in a way, I am in love with myself.

As much as I would love to pretend, she’s invisible-I cannot do it.

She is in front of me now and I am completely obsessed with her. Peering into her thoughts, wanting to see what, if anything, happened between us from then and now.

Since even though I know Naddalin's responsible for all the flirting, and kissing, and cuddling, and changing girlfriends a drop of a hat, I had no choice but to watch, to see- why.

'Spell I tell you spells it has to be…' she whispered to the new girl.

Even though I know that Naddalin was completely disadvantaged of free will- that does not change the fact-

that it happened- that Naddalin's lips pressed against her while her hands roamed her skin.

And even though I am sure it did not go any further than that, I would still feel a heck of a lot better if I could just get some evidence to back up my theory- I said this also to Andria, who was batting her lower lip with her upper teeth.

And despite how crazy, hurtful, and completely masochistic it is- I will not stop until her memory gives, and every horrible, painful, excruciating detail is finally revealed. Though Naddalin on Nevaeh.

The new girl was just overhearing it all, I wonder if… If she was the one that got them back together. Yet all of us girl's pounder the same thoughts, about them, in the classroom.

I’m just about to delve deeper, travel to the very core of her brain when Naddalin squeezes my hand and says, ‘Eternally, happiness. Stop torturing yourself- let me in. I’ve already told you, there’s nothing to see- she keeps pushing her transmission in her mind out.’

I swallow hard, gaze fixed on the back of her head- that was showing a face of another- within- the face of evil- it was

AVA, watching her gossip with Jewell and Mireille- this thing was rabid at me extremely angry, barely listening as she adds, ‘It didn’t happen- as she blinked and rubbed her eyes. It’s not what you think, said the new girl- I can see it too you know- you’re just as rational as I.’

‘What is that-?’

‘…It’s just the Demons trying to get out.’ Said Andria.

‘I thought you couldn’t remember?’ I turn, overcome with shame the instant I see the pain in her eyes- in the front, I knew something bad has

happened, as she looks at me and shakes her head like small trembles.

‘Just trust me, seeing this coming out of her is a good thing- ‘I am chatting with it-’ and she is nice said Andria.’ She sighs loudly. ‘Or at least trying to.’

‘Please- don’t you need to report this.’ I inhale deeply, gazing at her, wishing I could, knowing I should.

‘Absolutely, and Constantly. First, you could not get over the past hundred years of my dating- now you want more even if possessed, and now you are obsessed with me, all last week, why?’

She knits her brow and leans closer, voice urgent, coaxing, as she adds, ‘I know that your feelings are extraordinarily hurt. I do. But what has been done is done. I cannot go back; I cannot change it. Naddalin’s done the on purpose- you can’t let her win.’

I swallow hard, knowing she is right.

I am acting ridiculous, irrational, allowing myself to veer way off track- by what I saw.

Besides, Naddalin thinks, switching to telepathy now that our teacher, Mr. Perry, has arrived. You know

it is meaningless to fight this girl's- she said to us- in class.

The only one I have ever loved is you. Isn't that enough? Yet her face was black and looking off in the distances.

She brings her gloved thumb to my temple, gazing into my eyes as she shows me our history of all things enchanted, my many incarnations as a seeing all the young servant girl in France- the time we spent- before- you to older, all daughter gorgeous girls reminded me of how lucky I was… in my life letting her remember her past that keeps getting whipped away by evil, it

was nice to be back… in her mind she needs me and I need her, eyes wide, I gape, never having seen that particular life before- that I was in, I think back, in class and wonder- who was the mind that I was truly in, it was not wrong, it was not evil; it was sweet, young, and innocent. Nothing leading me to think, darkness was involved.

9

But she just smiles, gaze growing warmer as she then shows me the highlights of that time, a quick clip of the moment we never met, that I was sure of, yet she knew Nevaeh well- at a gallery

opening in to with their first kiss just outside, I was just out of the galleries, lost in her mind that reviled her face to me in my mind like looking back, for the glass- that very same night- I know who she was.

Presenting only the most drastic moments and sparing my death, which always, certainly, comes before we can progress- deeper and deeper in the mind of what I thought was an old friend and more.

And after watching all those beautiful moments unfold, of a young girl’s life, she shamelessly loves her and

laid bare to see- for me to recall, I gaze into her eyes, answering her question when I think: Of course, it is enough, to understand that she was the first true love- not me- not me. You have always been enough, I thought, just as she did. It had to be Lily.

Then closing like a photo album in shame when I add: But am I enough for you- now? You were enough then.

To end acknowledging the truth- my fear that she will soon tire of the gloved handholding, the telepathic embrace.

She then nods, besides seeks out the real thing in a normal girl with safe DNA, her gloved fingers cupping my chin, her eyes still faded to the memories that were lost, as she wrinkles me into a mental embrace so warm, so safe, so comforting, all my fears slip away, letting me that Lily was back and mean no harm. That she too was not on our side.

Responding to the apology in my gaze as she at once leans forward, lips at my ear as she says, ‘Good, it’s time you and I met. Now that that is settled, Naddalin... love me too I am also part of her.’

10

It was a legend that the castle is haunted by The White Lady- the young girl fined of a winemaker, that was posseted by evil.

He killed her on Earth in a small village called Ashville in Pennsylvania, and then took her soul, and killed that too, her name was Ashlynn Donovan, for the young youthful blood.

Why- to keep the Dark Lords powers strong along with the 4 girls, now in one or the Angel Oak wood barrel, that is in the distillery part of the castle in the lowest part of the basement, off-limits to

all students, unless they want to receive the most horrific pain that felt in this life…

Winford Vanhorn was a side lover, to the mother- mother, and her name was also the same. Miss. Ashlynn was left body and soul, and partly alive, to marinate- and age just like one of the spirits in the rotation, around her that is red, white, rose, it is also rumored, that all the ones that are part over her army have partaken into drinking the blood of this Ash angel of her sacrifice, pentagram- all hooded, in black.

The dusty ash of her body in the cup- the cries of her memory in the liquid, making strength- to them in every sip, the power to take over the minds of anyone, they wish and linger without asking, to kill, within others, hidden behind a face that is not their own. a faceless army, of kids, taken over by death eaters.

The girl is said to be hidden in one of the secretive rooms, even though the castle has been looked through many of a time, never to be found, and was made to her spirit’s requests- and for always and ever added on too- or her hex would- take over all the students minds and drive them to madness.

This is why- there are passages- ways that lead to nowhere, and doors to drop-offs, and staircases that have deadened, it was all done in the thoughts of the ghost, portholes to the other side… The corridor made in memory is now why we have ASH-angels.

As we all know there are seven parts to the castle, classrooms for each study have their type of students.

1. The Ashlynn corridor- for the fallen angels, wings, and flight.

(House colors- Gray and Red.) Two white flying horses, with wings, spread. Paper-smoldering- falling ashes,

ink quill with a nib, next to its well. The sun above. Armed, and showing the strength of a strong girl, body, mind, and soul.

2. Natalie Hall- students have studied telepathy, Telekinesis wizardry, magical studies.

(Blue and White) Naddalin passage's- the understandings of students wanting to know about time travel. Portholes, card reading, astrology- understanding of stars in and out of the magical world. wound law. insignia is a keystone, railroad spike, the 3 X|X|X for the number of the magical railway- the

underworld marking of hells purgatory, that she saved single-handedly. a crescent moon and a hanging star with a long tale, a key with its hole-glowing, on the other side one barley wheat.

3. Emmah’s chambers- crystals ball reading and foreseeing in the darkness, predictions. (Was Anderson chambers, yet- just last year renamed, over dark times.) (Purple, and Cream) insignia shield, with two nude angels one with black wings, holding a crystal ball, and one with white holding a lily, and a dagger between showing loss of sight.

4. Amsel Towers- the ten tallest towers in this world- students for demon's studies- wisdom- understanding- dark faith, witches, hermits all things dark arts- and trickery. (Orange and Cream) insignia flaming tower, fools falling from it in a crest of arms with a black Baird. (Name keep reminding that evil is always the easy option to take.) There is a fear of changing it with us all.

5. McDermmit- sleeping quarters for girls- up in the highest turrets, (Plaid- Aqua and Cream) meaning rest and the importance of deep sleep- understanding, love, hope, compassion, timeworn, insignia hourglass the tree of hope, falling

leaves, in yellow, showing change and death, is to come to all. hands held out with a dove, a clock, the hands of time moving backward, all times is just a theory. All things- Death.

6. Barns Library studies- Cherub to Young Lady’s to becoming God's understandings, was every story of every girl in the school is magically written and made into books of their life. Also, assignments to other world linger within girls, to recruit. Studies of life, before-death, after, and beyond. Looking out for friends, and not always yourself, making your story change, to make another better- or keep going. (Red and Cream.)

7. Skoufyceol- for Jacqui

Skoufyceol, to lock herself out of the death of blaze- and the havens of paradise- to think backward- and question everything for her time- in the 1770s, and not have happiness- to move on, the castle as a hole- named after her for being the first 14-year-old girl to ever become one of us a fallen angel, that had the vision to make a place for loners, misfits, and dreamers. (Green, and Cream) mascots fallen angle- the same as on Nevaeh’s head.

11

(Two years have passed)

As I make my way toward history class, I am wondering which will be worse-seeing Naddalin or Mr. Walsh?

Because while I have not seen or spoken to either of them since last Friday when my entire world fell apart- there is no doubt, I left them both on a strange note.

My last contact with Walsh consisted of me going all sentimental and not only confiding my psychic powers- which is something I never do- nonetheless also encouraging her to date my aunt and ankle- which is something I

am seriously beginning to regret. I have tried to forget them altogether.

And as awful as that was, it is only rivaled by my last moments with Naddalin- past days, all playing in my head, over and over, when I aimed my hand at her navel, determined not just to kill her- the child within, yet that was the thoughts, but to destroy her completely.

I am not a murderer, thought Nevaeh, yet it was my job to do to keep this unborn child, as a cherub's angels, the best part of this was how to explain how this all happened, all supernatural.

And I would have too- except for the fact that I choked, and she got away- with having the baby- in this world that would age- and become the next in having parts of both of us within her- now three parts of a whole.

Therefore, she had to stay- trapped young… I was not razing a pug, for with slaughter, with a sputter scatterbrained mind, that going to see things that are beyond her control.

And even though in retrospect that worked out for the best, I am still so angry with her- of when this happened, who is to say I will not try again?

Then this child, I know was a rebirth of one of the other girls, all now to get back into both Naddalin and my head and take over control. That is why we named her Alyson.

I will never add baby killer to my list of things they say I am, this child this sweet baby girl, she is immortal anyway, so why kill her, if the part of me, and part of her- I thought, killing at this point is something I do not do any longer. Said Nevaeh.

But the truth is, I know I want to try again. I want so much to be a mother, all over again, and I thought maybe- just

maybe, I can raise this one right, and I can keep her from killing me, someday, yet dreaming.

Besides not just because Naddalin spent the whole of English class telepathically lecturing me on how revenge is never the answer, how karma is the only true justice system- and let it play out and do nothing, and plenty more blah- blah- blah- like that- but mostly because it is not right, to kill something that was made from love.

Even though Naddalin tricked me in the very worst way, leaving me no

reason to ever trust the child again- I still do not have the right to kill her over it.

‘All the monarch butterfly is now flying back home again. Just like all minds, they remember programming.’

‘They are just like us- you know, you- and me them to, programmed fabricated lives- before and after, in memories of our past, passed to down to the next, of fallen almost satanic retrials, of worship, all over spitting the mind, taking the soul, and lingering within the body, just like the butterfly, it’s all about being part dissociation, all pasted in DNA.’

Oh yes, the cursed typewriter, that makes them all the story of life- in the books of sh-h, that author the stories that you do not want to write, for yourself or anyone else, it is makes you live exactly what the typewriter does automatically, because of the heck that is on it, it makes the story in which a person must follow in the afterlife. Untitled- until monarchs into someone's life, injected into the mind like clever programming. The butterfly- just like the paper flutter around the typewriter, all too familiar.

Just like we are programming this child one way, and they are fighting just as hard to spit her mind to take it over in

another and so that they are getting into ours and reprograming that- too. Said Nevaeh.

The monarch of us… and the satanic of them for sacrifice.

‘Madness!’ Said Naddalin.

‘You know they’re going to kill her when she becomes of the age of 14?’

Yes, I know… yet, let us enjoy this life well we have her.

It will not solve my problem, about seeing an innocent child a young teenager being killed in 12 years sickens me, yet that has always been my hex of

living life, I should be used to it, by now- and I have learned to except, the fact.

Love or no love at this point, will not change a thing.

Even though this awful, evil, and everything that adds up to bad is the way of life in our world, I still do not have the right to choose the one that is picked for this- and you are sure to know that this was rigged so it would be Alyson…

(Two more years have passed)

‘…Remember to follow the butterflies, there just like me!’ was the first words she said to me.

She slithers up beside me, all blond tousled hair, water's edge blue eyes, and shiny white teeth relaxed stretching her strong, tanned arm across the classroom door, barring me from getting inside- her mind to hope for the best when she starts schooling. I thought if, in her mind, I could stop her from the darkness that could come.

And that is all it takes.

But I will not… even if… even if…

I promised Naddalin, that this child could start school here with us- like the rest, I could get her safely to and from class without resorting to that. If I

oversee her, yet odd, to all the others, surely.

Yet I remember my home and school life was the same and I turned okay…

(Flash Back)

‘I was called a p*ssy by them- the girls, my hometown, and even by the parents, yet p*ssy smalls a lot better than a*s hole!’ Think about that… right.

(Cut)

Chiaz Naztherth- I ask, why…? I am even here?

I was asked in an interview, that I was forced into, if anything has changed with me over the years, now that 200 years have passed, for my natural life; and I would say- to you and the world that knows me as the lovesick boy from a small town that did not matter- the boyfriend of the girl that made and changed what we think of as a world, the celebrity. I still love her, I still hold on to her panties and keep them on my chest every night, a reminder of her, and the girl I once knew, before mind control.

That is love the unmanned cameras zoom in for a close to his face showing pain, something that little of

them feel now in a drugged induced world, of highs, and deep lows.

What is it that you are doing now with her- ‘Now I am lingering as a lost soul in the coal mines, looking for lives to take back with me too, yet I am not the hero- nor- do I want to be, in a way I oversee life in the small town- keeping the memories of the past alive- it's all I can do- with thoughts of mind have been so narrowed?’

‘Fabricated and medicated, is all these worlds are.’ he said in a whisper.

(Yet none of that matters now, I have found love, with another man, to kill the pain of long nights.)

No woman would want me now, he thought quietly in his mind.

Not even Kasandra, the girls with red hair, would stay with me, for life, not even with a ring. Millia turned too- being she-boy- or identified as such, would have turned on me all because of her. Ashenria also… to most in this world mutated. Lieissah, my only home yet she is now in another world. Yet she was just a little girl the last time, that I saw her… Yet, I feel it may be- time, to move on. Away

from all this. He thought in a whisper in his mind- for all to hear in there is all too loudly. I have requested lingering's in the mind of this girl, yet I was denied, by the God of this world, nonetheless. She has ruined me!

'So, tell me, ever-so, how was your weekend? It was asked.

Did you and Naddalin enjoy a nice reunion? Katharina Arrington, a young new girl that ends life far too fast just like her hero.

'Was she now able to survive you- by chance, and send you back home?'

‘No, the girl said, and I don’t want to. funny isn’t it, I have changed now too, and nothing is the same.’

I clench my fists by my sides- and think girl you are throwing so much away, education, a man... and the dream of being more, and going onward, visualization how she would look like nothing more than a heap of designer clothes and a pile of dust, where she left her cold and dying world. I did not have to wonder at all looking back at my life- in a ripping daydream of pain- and now I will take heir's too, despite the vow of nonaggression I took- for all, I will keep.

She then nods, gazes fixed on mine, lowering her voice to a whisper as she adds, ‘Not to worry though, you won’t be alone for long, I am sure I will just be a far memory for you to have someday.’

I knew she did not mean anything by that also, yet it was getting under my thick skin- over the fact it was so true.

I will take the place of your soul, in your wake, for your mom and dad, in the lingering over the casket; once the proper mourning period ends- I will be right back for you, I will be happy to step in and fill up the void of her- your mom’s

loss. she was the only one to understand.' Said Nevaeh.

I focus on my breath, keeping it slow and steady as I take in the strong, tan, muscular arm blocking my path- as I ghost myself in this girl's dead body lying there... this man was big no wonder she was so afraid of him, fear- is everything to why- with a girl like us, and why we are here.

'Hell, even if you did manage to hold back and keep her alive, all you have to do is say the words you do to her- and no you have grief, her mother said- 'I am right by your side' she said to this dead

girl.’ and I think yes, yes, yes same old story. then only care about you when you are dead.

Some even grin at me like her- looking into their faces- like a ghost of the past- knowing far more than they well ever, eyes grazing over me most intimately. like some have lost their very last friend.

‘But no need to answer too quickly or commit yourself yet. to the fact, she is gone forever. Take if you like- I thought I have nothing planned; your pain is much more important than mine. Because, continuously, I assure you,

unlike Naddalin, I am a woman who cannot wait, too long anymore, it is like that part of me is broken. Besides, it's just a matter of time before you come looking for me anyway.'

'There's only one thing I want from you.' He said, to find happiness, in your new world, wherever that is…'

I narrow my gaze- the eyes within the closed ones until everything surrounding us blurs. Hoping for it all to be over, as soon as possible. I never liked these things when I was alive, yet hundreds of years later, I am still forced into going to them.

‘And that’s for you to leave me alone.’ The feeling I give off to some is to leave me alone, mind like it is on new heartbeat now rising to my cheeks, within her body as I now lock a gaze that deepens to a leer, and some even think they can see my eyes within hers open, in an evil way.

-And-

‘Afraid not, darling, she died.’

The mother of this 17-year-old girl- She laughs some to herself as if it is not real, looking me over and shaking her head in disbelief.

‘Trust me, you want way more than that. But not to worry, it is like I said, I will wait for as long as it takes. until it gets into your head she is not coming back or home, she is gone forever.

It is Naddalin I am worried about, at this very moment- sometimes, I wonder if I am the right woman for this job. Or if I should just give it all up, to be with her.

‘And you should worry too- not for the dead but the living.’ From what I saw those last hundred years, she is an impatient woman and will become one, I will see to that.

‘A bit hedonist really- I thought. Didn’t wait for much of anything as far as I could tell, you just might have a long weight.’

12

I- Emmah am now back, swallow hard and strive to keep calm, reminding myself not to fall for her bait. Naddalin has a knack for locating my weakness, my psychological strength, and lives to exploit it.

‘Don’t get me wrong, she’s always been one to keep up entrances- wearing the armbands that are back and white stripes, appearing inconsolable at

the wake-but trust me, Ever, the moss hadn’t time to adhere to her shoe before she was back on the lurk.

Looking to drown her sorrows in whatever or should I say whomever-her could. And even though you prefer not to believe it, take it from someone who has been there all along. Naddalin waits for no one. And she certainly never waited for you.’

I take a deep breath, filling my head with words, music, mathematical equations stretching far beyond my skills, anything to drown out the words that are

like prudently honed arrows aimed straight for my heart.

‘Yep.’

‘Saw it with my own eyes, I did!’

Smiling as she slips into a thick cockney pronunciation and backs out again.

‘Haven saw it too.

It like- broke her poor heart, even if it has not been beaten in years, just like ours.

Willing to take her back no matter where she had been, no questions asked.

Along with Emmah who was always like our baby girl. Once more all was right with the world if only for a little while.

Though, unlike me-and, I am afraid, quite unlike you have not loved was unconditional, Emmah too and mine back. Which, let us face it, is something you'd never do- right if you are like us.'

'That's not true!' I cried, voiced hoarsely, and very dry, as though it was the first time that I had used it all day- it was so bad.

'I've had Naddalin since the moment we met-I-' I stop, knowing I

should not have started. It is useless to engage in the fight.

‘Sorry, darlin,’ but you are wrong. You have never- ever had Naddalin at all. A pure kiss here, a bit of sweaty hand-holding there-’ She shrugs, gaze contemptuously.

‘Forever, you think some pathetic attempts at second base can satisfy an avaricious, self-absorbed, self-indulgent bloke like her? For four hundred years no less?’

I- Neveah swallow hard, forcing a calm I do not own when I say, ‘That’s a lot further than you ever got with Haven.’

Now you are taking in the new 17-year-old girl too, this is not love- pervert, it is you laying down for anyone- in many ways.

'No thanks to you,' she spits, harsh gaze on mine. 'But it's like I said, I'm a man who can wait.'

'Naddalin is not.'

She shakes her head.

'Shame you're so-o strongminded to play hard to get, now you're playing with Katharina girl too.

You and I are a lot more alike than you think, over the fact I want her

too. Both of us pining after someone we'll never truly have- it's all the same, you and I are the same girl, like twin Gemini's.'

'I could-' I suck in my breath, not wanting her to know what only Naddalin and I know- that where are both falling to her in mad love, that targeting an immortal's weakest chakra, one of the body's seven energy centers, is the quickest way to obliterate them.

~*~

('Yet this is why- we both of us love the same girl, two minds split that both need the same thing; to make the

mind hole again? It was a question both of our minds shared at the same- every time, like clocks meeting hands- hitting a moment of a day, that will not happen again- and time being nothing more than theoretical- unimaginatively-honorificabilitudinitatibus, and wing of a pendulum-like subdermatoglyphic unwinding in the mind, just ever-so-like weighted chains, of the movements within-in sesquipedalianism with the cloth of time itself, lost in a chime and ringing, times slowed- to us both over her, for that moment of realization and cognizance. Now both breathless of inhaling had harsh dust in-

pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis, over the fact of utter love, and loss, confabulated by dust itself. wrong but right we longed for just one more kiss, a kiss that would linger, full of lust, hope, and desire, a deficient need, unfulfilled- craving, desire, excitement, fervor, greed screaming hunger, libido, thumping hammering within like the chimes of the clock, and the kiss, making the sounds, longing- sensuality, the kiss gives more thirst, of animalism of yet another time, where the kiss was something newly invented, in the eyes grow black and wide, like the daylight and time, bartered into the minds of the

first man and woman. A zoning aphrodisia, absent appetence. A most upheld appetence with avidity, carnality bankrupting the mind time, and hands of the cloth that it is, within the kiss she would give, and the long for more- more just like the time, now where there was no pain- and lost in the dream of your therapy, appetence with avidity and cooked along with deprived, disappointing when ending, failing to emptiness of the gone and missing needing, omitted with the appetence of her face living mine. like the dark shadows, of her lines of the torso’s moving away, like the light of day taking

what the darkness stole; the light is coming to take away the darkness yet, the light gives pain, of yet a new day; itching with eroticism for more time in the night to be lost in dreamland, or her mind. Carnality with its avidity, and total- the urge of wantonness, yet comes over and over with body weakness, yet the yen is more than fatigue, the appetition more than lasciviousness, of an end, never-ending. Back in with concupiscence lewdness, without the covering, covetousness cupidity eroticism, we both have her in the same night, at the same time, at the same moments lost to time, and the remembrance of it altogether.

Lewdness came and come with moments of lechery, licentiousness, sensualism scant and short shyness fading way like the night, moving into sunrise early day, away, in bereft burned out, into the light like the face of the clock, like the face of the girl we ever-so in love with, cut off defective devoid salaciousness prurience and pruriency. Faulty salacity, with much sensualism and destitute, faulty we all say this that temptation of sin is more than time itself, half-baked and imperfect sin is not a thing any longer, in the minds not all linked together three as one, and thumping like one heartbeat, in default. so much affection, appreciation, devotion

with lasting freeness with forgiveness of emotion, fondness for the other girl or woman, more than friendship yet in the end friendship it is like the hand that is time to us, always there, and lasting forever and most continually.

The infatuation lust along with its passion gives us the highest respect and taste, with its tenderness, with its yearning, with its adulation, and allegiance, and its amity. Amour is everything that is, amorousness and ardor, to mind and still hearts attachment by the mind not only; case and cherishing the crush for delight, in the hopes of devotedness, and enchantment is

everything that is enjoyment in a cold dying world. the fervor of warmth needed.

Uncountably fidelity cold life afterlife, and time after time. flame needed, like colors, like harmonies, like a religion hankering, idolatry- in doing what has been instilled; inclination piety with much involvement, like partiality piety with a question of why- within. Zeal is lust, like worship, of an idol the ever-so wrong. Relishing in rapture with its regards to sentiment and weakness worship is love all, not just the norm. Mad for a soft spot and ardency, incomplete, inferior, less- and minus. Questions of not good enough, not up to par, patchy and

then pour off all types, sketchy- and scanty scarce. No longer do we feel after the covering of night, and time, with us- now being three in one, substandard, too little too late, or unsound. No longer defective are we feeling in this world, with its time that draws out, erroneous to those that do not matter, even if. False along with feelings of faulty with its hated feelings of them making us feel ever-so flawed, the girl or woman feeling fragile over the fact that she should. illogical over she has no brain or place... inaccurate over a voice that is not as strong; incorrect and insane of saying I feel that you wrong and not I.

Unsubstantial and unwell in the head, is wrong to say for the weak and wobbly over insecure and shaky unbalanced, always unhealthy they say and unreliable, and unsafe we are... unstable along with ailing crazed and dangerous, decrepit, and delicate demented, for hope love and change. Invalid lunatic no more, with the love for love, time, and the world even if cold to us. All these thoughts end in losses in the dream of a time in the darkness of them- with love, that is love.')

~*~

Katharina- 'I could kill you right now,' I whisper, voice shaky, hands

trembling, even though I promised Naddalin I would not do them, even though I know better.

‘Slug me in my sacral center, perhaps?’

‘You could what?’ She smiles at me, faces impending so close her breath of air movement chills my cheek.

I- myself gape, wondering where she could’ve possibly- erudite that.

Nonetheless, she just giggles, shaking her head saying, ‘Do not forget, love, Naddalin was under my spell.

Which means she told me everything, answered every question I am asked-including a good bit about you.'

She got me… right, where it counts. And do not think she does not know it.

I stand there, refusing to react, figured out to appear composed, unruffled-but it is too late.

'No worries, love. 'I'm having far too much fun watching you squirm to attempt something like that.

Just a moment later- 'I've no plans to go after you- she said.'

Besides, it won't be long 'til you're squirming beneath me.

Or even on top of me. Either will do.' she laughs, her eyes on me, gazing at me in a way so knowing, so intimate, so deep, my stomach can't help but have.

'I'll leave the details to you. But no matter how much you may want to, you will not go after me either.

Mostly because- I do have what you want. The cure to the antidote for what you suffer from. I assure you of that, said Naddalin.

You are just going to have to find a way to earn it, she also said. You're just

going to have to show me how bad you want it.’

I- Katharina gape, dry-mouthed and slack-jawed, remembering last Friday when Naddalin claimed the very same thing, to me saying that she likes owned me, and in a way, I am okay with that.

So-0 distracted by Naddalin awakening- I forgot all about it until now- to have it type down as another chapter in the book of my life.

I- Nevaeh press my lips together as my gaze meets heirs… awe- my hope rising for the first time in days.

So, knowing it is just a matter of time until the antidote is mine. I just need to find a way to get it from her.

‘Oh, look at that.’ She grins; ‘Seems you forgot all about our date with destiny.’

13

She lifts her arm and I start to plow through, then she lowers it just as quickly, laughing as she locks me in place. ‘Deep breaths,’ her coos, lips…

Then she lifts her arm and I start to plow through, then she lowers it just as quickly, laughing as she locks me in place.

‘Deep breaths- if you could call them that even if we don’t breathe,’ she coos, lips grazing the edge of my ear, fingers sliding over my shoulder, leaving an icy cold wake in their path.

‘No need to panic, I thought. No need to get all spazzed out o’er.

I’m sure that between us, we can come to some sort of mutual agreement, with this girl that we both are wearing out, with our clingy love- and find a way to work something out.’

I narrow my gaze, disgusted by the price that she is set when in my mind and now the girls too, words slow yet

once more, and darkness is coming- days short- and time long, and cautious when I say, ‘Nothing you could ever say or do could convince me not sleep with you- and her alike!’ just as she opens the door, allowing the entire class to overhear.

‘Whoa-oh’ Naddalin smiles, hands raised in pretend admission of defeat as she backs into the room.

She will throw her head back and laugh, allowing her creepy ouroboric-emblem of wholeness or infinity an angel mark just- like a tattoo to flash in and out of view- on her upper part of her head.

‘I mean, not to disappoint you, darlin,’ but if it’s a good shag I’m after, virgins about the last place I’d look!’

Katharina- I storm toward my desk- like the good little girl that I am innocent and sweet, cheeks burning- know that I am that girl that is no longer that girl, gaze fixed on the floor, spending the next forty minutes cringing as my classmates burst into hysterics every time Naddalin directs a disgusting wet smooch sound my way, despite numerous attempts to quiet them the other girl in my class down. I was the only thing on their mind and not the studies. Not even magic could keep them off me...

-And-

The moment the bell rings, I make a run for the door- just to be barricaded by a bunch of girls- wanting all the gross details.

Frantic to get to Naddalin before Naddalin can be convinced Naddalin will push her too far and she will snap-an an act neither of us can afford now that Naddalin holds the key.

Nonetheless- just as I turn the knob I hear, ‘every word... every minute forever...’ I am mocked with laughter trailing behind me as I turn toward them

all to see what she wants, by this- it was all going over her head- yet why not me?

I pause, classmates piling up behind me and even pulling at my skirt, I was ever-so-eager to get to the hall, where they can follow Naddalin's lead, and not mine. Like- taunt me some more than me now, and she seems not to care- like I do.

'I did it,' she smiles, posture stiff, voice anxious, but still eager for me to know. What is that I asked nervously.

I shift uncomfortably, moving my bag from one shoulder to the next, wishing I had taken the time to learn

remote viewing so I could keep an eye on the lunch tables and ensure Naddalin sticks to the plan.

‘I approached her. Just like you told me to.’ She nods.

I squinted some, returning my focus to her, gut-churning it was, as I began to grasp the whole thing. I saw her the next day- it was morning one day had passed.

We even talked for a while, and- she shrugs, gazes drifting away, obviously still very taken by the events of the others- yet she said to me not to care

what others think, care about me and me only.

I stand before her, breathless-feeling, knowing I must stop it- this feeling, whatever it takes before it gets out of hand- and she is in my head too much.

‘She is nice to me, I thought, just like the other one too. I probably-shouldn’t tell you but we’re having dinner tonight, I said to my girlfriends that understand.’ And you were right, I said to them.’

I- myself nod, shell-shocked and feeling ever-so numb, the words glancing

over me as I peer into her energy and watch it unfold in her head: glowing and pulsating. eyes rolling back into my head and turning bright white to all that could see them.

She is standing in the line of the cafeteria massive hall with all its stained-glass windows and gothic feel of a castle, minding her own business until Nevaeh approaches- causing her to turn and grant her a smile that's- shamefully flirtatious!

Except that there is no shame at all. Those two could not be happier. At least not on Naddalin's part. Nor Nevaeh

for that matter either. No, shame is all mine.

‘This cannot be happing.’ thought Katharina.

For too many reasons to mention dinner can never take place soon enough. One of them being that she is not just my girlfriend, but my guardian angel too, my caretaker, my only everything in this entire world! Its possibly- even more urgent reason is the fact that thanks to my pathetic, maudlin, overly sentimental, ill-advised moment of weakness last Friday, and another, Nevaeh knows I am psychic while she does not!

I have gone to great lengths to keep my secret from her, and there is no way I am going to be out by my love-struck history teacher of enchanted- I want Naddalin more.

But then again- just as I'm about to tell her that she absolutely cannot, under any circumstances whatsoever, take my lover to dinner and reveal any information I might've accidentally admitted during a weak moment when I was sure I'd never see her again- when back in the past life that is- and now I have old friends that I have not seen 'till now, she clears her throat and says, as I look at my past loved ones that have

passed before me- before me at that moment, that ended up both high and low, before judgment day…

‘Anyway, you should get to lunch before it’s too late. I didn’t mean to keep you long; I just thought you would like to see them all before we move on- pick now if- and how- and what, after all, they are your past family.’

‘…Remember you have the right to see any of them at any time.’

‘Oh, no, it’s okay,’ I say. ‘I just-’ and her voice trails off into nothing but soft murmurs.

I can feel it.

The time is different.

But she does not let me finish. Pulls me out the door as she then waves me away, saying, ‘Go on now. To find your friends. I just thought I should thank you, that’s all.’

‘No, no- need to go on.’

The last thing my Great-Grandmother said to me is that I had a ‘Desire to Burn,’ that is true, and at some time, I am sure- I will.

My Great-Granddad is here over he had to kill men- way on the way back when- when he was like a pirate- or something like that, to live on man had to

kill the other and eat them, when he was lost at sea- when their ship capsized, for days, he was the second from the last, he too was killed by the same gun that was passed around, by being the unlike draw of a straw- in a lifeboat. Queen Andree Loera was the name of the ship, or so I was told.

When I get to the lunch table, I sit beside Naddalin, relieved to find everything as normal as any other day. Naddalin's gloved hand squeezing my knee as I quickly scan the campus, looking for Nevaeh as she thinks: she is gone, as do I. Gone...? I gape, hoping she means gone as in not around- not lost to

the world forever, as opposed to going as in a pile of dust.

Nonetheless, Naddalin just laughs, the smooth melodious sound reverberating from her head to mine. Not annihilated. I assure you. Just-absent-that is all. Drove off a few minutes ago with some guy I've never- ever seen before- that she said was an old flame. An old love, or something.

Did she try to tell you?

Did you talk… at all about this beforehand?

-And-

She just left with him.

Naddalin shakes her head, her eyes peering into mine as I add: Good.

Since we cannot afford to go after her like no matter what! She has the find herself and remember all things past!

‘I know whom the man was, I bet you, it was him.’ Said a girl named Jo-Anna far off in the room.

She admitted it, does she not!

This means all we must do now is find a way to- constantly. She frowns… You cannot believe her!

This is what Naddalin does. She lies and manipulates everyone around her, to believe. ‘She is not gone…’ You must stay away from her- most of the other girls were saying, she is using you- she cannot be trusted- I just shake my head, throw my head back and giggle like some foolish.

14

(One year has passed)

You are the same, yet not.

And I need you to feel it too.

You and Naddalin have made it simply fine without me.

I could see that then; you did not need me.

So-o, she is not lying- seriously- said- it is the truth, not even finishing the thought before Haven leans forward, saying- ‘glad your back.’

Her longing eyes darting between us as she says, ‘Okay, that’s it, you have found happiness and peace and yourself- right?’

Haven- ‘You have regained all your memories.’

‘Just what the heck is going on here?’ Said Katharina.

‘Seriously, enough already.’ Said Nevaeh.

I turn, noticing how her friendly light pink aura beams in such sudden sharp contrast to the deliberate harshness of her all-black wings- that were starting to spread out- in frustration.

Knowing she means no unfriendly will though she is definitely- disturbed by us- as so many personal questions.

Completely, and entirely- It is like you guys have some- kind of like- a creepy way of communicating. It was like Naddalin already knew.

‘That’s because she does.’

Like twin speaks or something- yet all in the head.

‘Like time apart makes you two even closer.’

Only yours is silent. And eerier- said Nevaeh- to their younger muse.

Nevaeh- I shrug and sit there with my lunch, going through the motions of unwrapping a sandwich- pre-made, I’ve no plans to eat it by the looks of it, turn my belly more, yet one bit or two is what I need to survive; figured out to hide just how alarmed her questioning has made me feel.

Knocking my knee against Naddalin's, telepathically urging her to step in and handle since I've no idea what to say.

'Don't pretend it's not happening.' Her eyes narrow in suspicion- to everything I have said. 'I've been watching you guys for a while now, and it's starting to creep me out.' Said, Katharina.

'What's creeping you out? ...Us?'

She gazes up from her sandwich, but only for a moment before she is back again looking as if it could creep off her tray.

‘Look it’s snowing hard outside, she said now looking out that arched window that was steamed with heavy fog.’

‘Those two, have always been like this.’ Said Emmah who had just sat down beside them, ignoring all their personal space.

She points a- black painted nail with a chunk of pink frosting stuck to its tip- from her cupcake. ‘I swear, they get stranger every day- in finding their remembrances of all things past.’

Naddalin nods, setting down in-between, them all as she takes a moment to look us over.

‘Yeah, I’ve been meaning to mention that. You guys are so weird.’ She laughs.

‘Oh, and the whole glove thing- really?’ She shakes her head and purses her lips. Showing her hand looking all cracked with fishers and red. ‘So not working for you, I said jokingly.’

Haven frowns at us, annoyed by my joke when she is trying to be grave.

‘Laugh all you want- at them, we understand we need them,’ she says, gaze steady, unwavering, abiding, determined, and enduring.

‘But something is up with those two, I just know it. I may not know what or why, but I will figure it out-in-out-in time. I will find the underlying cause of it- I assure you. You’ll see- you’ll see- I will.’

-And-

I’m just about to speak when Naddalin shakes her head and swirls her blue drink- that was making a foggy mist of it, leaning toward Haven as she says, ‘Don’t waste your time. It’s not as dire or evil, malevolent, mischievous, ominous, perverse, threatening, and adverse as you think.’

She then smiles, glaring with a gunning look and ogling with somewhat of a peek than a gaze that was fixed on me.

‘We’re exercise, hone, prepare to rehearse, and practicing telepathy powers of mind-reading, that’s all.’

‘Attempting to read each other’s minds in place of talking all the time.’

‘So, we stop getting in trouble in class over it took over the face we take over each other’s bodies and movements too at times, a real headache for the professors.’

She snorts, causing me to squeeze my sandwich so hard the mayonnaise oozes out and squirts grossly out the backside- like a pus-e pimple.

Gaping at my significant other who has just arbitrarily decided to break our number one rule- do not tell anyone who we are or what we can do!

This is something we worked hard to do, looking within the library in the restricted section of dark magic.

Calming only slightly when Haven rolls her eyes and says, ‘Please. I’m not an idiot, I know what you to are up to and doing.’

‘Wasn’t implying you were.’ Naddalin smiles. ‘It’s quite real, I assure you. Would you like to try?’

‘Close your eyes and think of a number between one and ten.’ She nods- as she does, she starts seeing daydreams as if they were realities play out, sincere gaze meeting her- within the lifelike dream.

‘Focus on that number, she goes into a trance- eyes rolling and body limp- the magic takes place, so dark, she was now taking the part of the drain she needs, to think about a number and replacing it, replace it with her thoughts-

or other things, mind control, now think with all your might- and it's all blocked out by my replacements. See it in your mind as clearly as you can- and it's like you're there, and silently repeat the sound of it repeatedly, got it?'

I freeze, body solid, unmoving, as though seeing a disaster on the side of the road-only the particular- disaster is me, in a car crash as if I were some other girl- who I felt I have met yet was not sure of...

'Now close your eyes and think of a number between one and ten, and then

the memories I had are now yours after you have counted down to receive them.'

'It's could the butterfly effect.'

'Transferring life to live- to after-life to after-life.'

Just like I can take all your bad thoughts away, and give you mine, or take away your education, I can even make you forget your name, it is all dark magic.

'Wow,' is what Haven said.

She nods some to the thought of feeling fear over someone have control of her mind and body- and having as an outer body expresses of feeling as if a

soul has been overlaid with her own, sincere gaze meeting her- and their eyes lock, and they both see the same things- childhood dreams, schooling past, moments of feeling like posttraumatic stress.

‘Focus on numbers only- let your eyes show me where that is in your mind, and I bet you there gone, with all of you might. I can ask you over and over some like 2+2 and it is not going to be there is it, I now own you, and all that is math in your mind. The ‘4’ you are looking for- I can give to you only if- I give or allow- yet think as you may it is not there.

‘It’s frustrating’ she said.

This is what you know who did to make me look as if I had disabilities. Said Nevaeh.

See it in your mind as clearly as you can, and silently repeat the sound of it repeatedly, got it?’

She shrugs, brows merging as though in deep concentration.

‘Nope, nothing- nothing- nothing.’

(Many moments passed.)

‘Unbelievable.’ she whispered.

Though choosing to concentrate on blue instead of a random number like

Naddalin said. You find yourself lost in trances of other things in the remembrances of all things past.

Time, most of all, dreams, and memories. it like the mind goes into overload and finds, a place to unlock, that are your escapes. consciousness is lost to time; time is the theory of the essence.

The mind is the recollection of the remembrance of all thought the anamnesis, awareness of a moment within moments within seconds even down to the nanoseconds, you feel all and is all too real.

Ever-so dreamy, yet cognizance, with a flashback, memorization mindfulness recalling recapturing recognition within time and space, of a life's reflection of something that may not even be realities just a place at a time, with a moment, that counterfeit, ersatz is the reminiscence, just retention is life, retentiveness is the discipline to go even deeper in the thoughts replace by the scrutinizer.

The remembrances of a past, becomes- subconsciousness becoming in the heavy programming, retrospection of subconsciousness lost in the camera-eye looking back at you, dead-eye on one side-

is the look of someone undergoing, you can see them take over- within the eyes, all mind's eye, to replace a moment in time, to make new remembrances of what was and is, turn out to be part of what will become past.

All it takes is a speedy glimpse at her aura, altering into a dark deceitful blue-green, and a brief peek at her thoughts to see she is only pretending. Some days, things just take way too much of my energy, it is like you look up and the whole room's spinning… You do this and it takes all your cares away, just to over complicate, people will tell you to medicate. You will swear the sky's falling.

Haven- ‘How do I know if this shit’s fabricated?’

‘You don’t!’ Nevaeh.

It took me years to know- and I was called crazy- like who is going to believe you, when you say- you have voices in your head.

15

Knowing she is baiting her, sure that her one in ten chances of hitting the right number works too much in her favor. Math was always her thing… she was left dumbfounded over the fact she could not even think.

Then she rips out and all the numbers rush into though head- that was exceptionally long and very brilliant and that gives a headache- just to think about. She nods, deepening her focus on a beautiful shade of pulsating blue- and her I.Q was higher than 160- this is where you have now split the brain into chambers of parts, unlocking thoughts of extraordinary. This is what you do in the healing processes of this, zoning out- into another focusing, that is not fabricated.

‘Then we must have our wires crossed in thought.’

She shrugs. ‘I’m not getting a number at all.’

That is because you have everything that was in this girl's mind now mixed with your thoughts.

‘Try me!’ Emmah abandons her notebook on this dark topic, and her books and wand say a spell, makes it into a pen, and leans toward Naddalin. Now she takes what was the want that now has a large feather- on top of pen nib and dips into the ink and takes frantic notes.

Eyes barely closed- with how these notes would be said tongue to the side of her lips, thoughts hardly focused

before Naddalin gasps- her hand to stop, ‘You’re going to Haven- say things here that should be sh-h, hushed, saying things that can get into the wrong hands- is not good magic.’ This has already been said, in the book of life, you do not need to draft notes- unless the notes are in ink that only you or we could see, the notes on this have been changed over the fact they need to be, now in code. She shakes her head also, saying ‘yes, it is for the best.’

(A week back)

‘Everyone but me- has gone through this,’ Naddalin says, jaws clenched, face gone suddenly pale.

‘Mind control is wrong, this is a scar, she said, along with- ‘like think what you could do with this, you could have mass death and one dictator.’’

‘We do I am sitting in front of you. I run the show with the world.’

‘Well, I’m sure everyone has told you-you of all. You know, telepathically.’ she laughs, returning to her phone again, saying ‘sometimes old school kicking it is not the way to go anymore I prefer these,’

and she holds up the phone, that links all the magical networks together.

I peer at Naddalin, wondering why she is so upset over the trip.

I remember- I mean, yes, so she used to live there France- before the wars, before the transitions, before it was made into districts and parted into jurisdictions.

Long before it was covered with the blood of death by the people in revaluation. Sometime before the flag with the star was marking the undesirable what they became, that were slew, at one time when I was truly alive- after my

boyfriend passed away in an industrial accident, or so they called it… the troopers or something like that- I was equivocal about did not want to say… all that much, I was only in my early 20's.

She said something odd on her tombstone and it read- (I have not stuck with me all my whole life, so there-) and I got what it meant.

Yet, it said, 'I will live on forever…' or something like that, or 'I don't need you!' - 'or even suck on that!' Like- I thought that is what it may have said- but- but nah- it can't be- yet maybe?

…It is a cracked heart-shaped stone…

But- but that was hundreds of years ago, and the stone is crumbling and reads the rest has disintegrated to dust into just the wind! Just like most of Earth itself, now brown rust in color, and derelict.

I squeeze her hand, urging her to look at me, but she just stares at Haven with that same stricken look on her face. Seeing what has become of her past world. It looks just like Mares- yet with all the buildings dilapidated and covered with Ivy vines and vegetation yet with low

gravity and air- the sky orange and yellow, did to me when I was alive, so long ago.

~*~

‘Nice try with the whole telepathy angle,’ Haven says, swiping her finger a-crossed the top of her cupcake until it is coated with strawberry frosting, and she was licking her finger and kissing the end of it too.

‘But I’m afraid you’re going to have to try a little harder than that. -All you have managed to prove is that you guys are even weirder than I thought. But no worries, I will find the underlying

cause of it. I'll not expose your dirty little secret.'

I hold back a nervous laugh, hoping she is just messing around, then peering into her mind only to see that she is serious.

'When are you leaving?' Naddalin asks.

But only to appear conversational, has already uncovered the answer in her head.

'Soon, but not soon enough,' she thought, eyes lighting up, as she stared the look at her. 'Let the countdown begin!'

Naddalin nods, gaze unstiffening as she says, ‘You’ll love this.

Everyone loves it, France is a lovely, delightful place.’

‘You’ve been…?’

…?…

I and Haven both ask at the same time.

Naddalin nods- ‘I’s have,’ gaze far away in the back of her on the mind and thought looking- blank to us looking at her color fading from her eyes. ‘I lived there once a long time ago.’

‘That’s what we gathered…’ they both said it unanimously!

Haven glances between us, eyes narrowed again when she says, ‘Jaylynn and Naddalin lived there too, around the same time, she looks at her one eyelid squinting.’

Naddalin shrugs, expression noncommittal, as though the connection means nothing to her.

‘Well, don’t you think that’s a little strange? All of you living there at the same time, in the same place, then all of you ending up here-within months of each other?’ Sher leans toward her,

abandoning her cupcake and letting it drop in search of some answers.

She just sips her blue drink and lifts her shoulders again, as though it is hardly worth going into, in the past she thought, to her, in through conversation.

But Naddalin's solid, refusing to cave or do anything that might give it away.

'Is there anything I should see while I'm there?' Haven asks, more to break the tension than anything else. 'Anything that shouldn't be missed?'

Naddalin squints, pretending to think, even though the answer comes quickly.

~*~

‘All of France was worth seeing… yes, was it not?’

I definitely- remember- check out the Ponte Vecchio, which is the first bridge to cross the Arno River and the only one left standing after the war- where every inch of Frances was covered in their blood. There are even homes and shops built into the bridge.

‘I think Italy Venice, was worth seeing more,’ said Nevaeh.

Oh, and you show me the memories of visiting the Galleria dell' Accademia which houses Michelangelo's David among other important works- lost to history and war-and the death of a planet, and perhaps show me why the-'

'David- was so inaugural important,' Emmah says wanting this so badly to have and keep all memories of these wonderful places, from earth to see and hold in her mind forever- to be the to keep all the remembrances of all things past, when it comes to art and history.

'We… yes, I am giving you everything- girl- surprise!' Emmah was delighted in her expression.

‘We did not want to tell you, that you are the keep of seeing beauty.’

‘As well as the bridge, and the famous ll Duomo, and all the other items that make every travel guide top ten lists, but I am more absorbed in the smaller, off- the- beaten path kind of places- you know, where all the cool Florentines go.

Naddalin was raving about the one place, I forget the name, but it is supposed to house some incomprehensible revitalization artifacts, paintings, and stuff few people know about.

Did you get anything like that? Or even clubs, shopping, that kind of thing?'

Naddalin looks at her, gaze so intense it sends a chill down my spine.

'Nothing offhand,' she says, trying to soften the look through her voice betrays a definite edge.

'Though any place that claims to house great art but isn't in the guidebook is probably a fake. The antiquities market is loaded with forgeries, thanks to all the war, and moving to new worlds away.'

'You shouldn't waste your time on that when there are so many other- like the western towns, are far more

interesting things to see, all we need to do is travel- a star- a world away, and its already there- and recreated.'

Haven shrugs, bored by the conversation and already back to writing notes again.

'Whatever,' she mumbles, thumbs tapping quickly on the side of her head.

'No worries, Naddalin said she'd make me a list.'

(Back home)

'I'm amazed by the progress you've made- with Dariez, she is doing so

well.’ Naddalin smiles. ‘You learned all on your own? It is all around reading people.’

She nods, and gazing around the small, empty room, pleased with me for the first time in weeks, when I walked into the tiny house.

‘Thanks, for stopping by.’ She said leading us into the home.

The moment Naddalin mentioned she wanted to rid the place of all the overly slippery furniture, that was cheap she had filled it with during Naddalin’s reign of fear, I was on it, to make this place fit for to young lady’s- all cute and such.

Aiming at each piece with such unchecked enthusiasm that-well-I am not even sure where it went. All I know is it is no longer there I want to be-and she points at the old home she was half-grown in that is now dilapidated- and you were right all along.

‘Looks like you’re no longer in need of my lessons- you’re not a little girl anymore, then, and your surly a woman now. She shakes her head, saying you’re wringing I need you more now than ever.’

‘Don’t be so sure.’ I said back quickly.

I turn, smiling as I push her dark wavy hair off her face with my newly gloved hand, hoping we will get that cure from Naddalin soon, or at least produce a less hokey alternative. Dariez a good kid… you will do fine.

‘I have no idea where all this stuff even went-not to mentioned, how I can’t possibly fill up space, even more, when I have no clue where I am stashing all the stuff you used to have and me before getting all this.’

Reaching for her hand a second too late and frowning as she walks over to

the window- I feel as if I have lost my sister.

‘The furniture’-her gazes out at her manicured lawn, voice low and deep-’ is right back where it started, what seemed like forever ago, yet was only about a year.

‘I don’t like change-’ she said- out of breath.

Returned to its original state of pure vibrating energy with the potential to become anything at all. She looks in the glass ball- and sees her new life coming.

And as for the rest-’ Her shrugs, the strong lines of her shoulders rising ever so slightly before settling again. ‘Well, it hardly matters anymore, does it? I do not need it now.’

I stare at her back, taking in her lean form, her casual stance. Doubting how she could be so-o blasé in reclaiming the precious artifacts of her past…

Then Nevaeh, the pictures of her in plain pink dresses back in the day, the astride a rearing white stallion-not to mention all the other amazing relics dating back centuries.

‘Nonetheless, those objects are priceless, see her life now within mine forever! You must get them back, don’t you? They can never be replaced, yet you can with new lives, can’t you?’

‘It’s all energy- all memories of all things in the past- to make the future!’ She squeals.

~*~

‘Ever so, relaxed in my thoughts of time travel. It’s just stuff.’ Her voice firm, resigned, as she turns toward me again, saying old STUFF. ‘None of it has any real meaning to me anymore, yet I want to remember it all. The only thing

that means anything is you- and this stuff is what makes up the entirety of you.'

And even though the sentiment is undeniably sweet and heartfelt, it does not affect me in the way that it should.

The only thing she seems to care about these days is apologizing for her karma and me. 'But that's where you're wrong. It's not just stuff- too.'

Oh, I sorry, I felt so bad hugging her from the one side.

And while I am perfectly fine with those inhabiting the number one and two spots on her list, the problem is the rest

of the page is blank. I was at a loss for words.

I move toward her, voice wiles, wheedling, hoping to reach her and make her listen the time.

And just like that, my mind is ripped into another time and place…

‘It’s history for God’s sake, we need to get books and have them signed, it was said this man write 30 books in one year, yet I am not sure if he is still alive, back in 2018!’

‘So, like he would be over 90 now or more, you cannot just shrug it off as though it is nothing more than a box of

old tired books and lots of words that no one cares about, even if, it the story of all of our lives.’

All- of this stuff is nothing but tired old objects you donate to Goodwill, like the books- I have penned too. Nothing more than a waste of time and paper, along run-on of contextual spelling ears, Grammar issues, punctation wrongs, sentence structure issues, and styling problems.

I thought they were worth remembering- like the one about a world lost without color or feeling, or the one

about a girl that fought for her place, as an equal- the youngest in her class.'

Look at this thing, the covers are all tattered, and the pages small.

She then looks at me, gazes softening as she trails the tip of her gloved finger from my temple to my chin. 'I thought you hated my 'dusty old room' as you once called it.'

'People change- worlds change, times change this is no longer relevant, and so I feel.' I shrug, thank about that asking why?'

Wishing, not for the first time, that she would change back to the woman

I knew before she was split within her mind also.

‘And speaking of change, why are you so freaked by my trip to France, and the memories of my past, that I want to share with you?’

Noting the way, she hardens at the mere mention of the word.

‘Is it because of the whole Haven and Nevaeh- become Naddalin thing of remembering the past- and not wanting to, keep the books is said to me… when the memories are the photos, and the book’s text the plot and the making of the movements- the flow of time push-pulling

fading in and out-the part and place of where to go in the time travel, moving fast, and moving slow, and with both the movie you see, I don't understand why she doesn't see it that way. The connection you don't want her to know about?'

Yet were there the good times- I do not know…? She thought…

She looks at me for a moment, lips parting, about to speak, then she turns away and mumbles insanely, 'I'm hardly what you'd call freaked.'

'You know what…?'

'You're right.'

For a normal person, that was hardly what you would call freaked.

But for the girl who is always the coolest, calmest one in the room-all it takes is the slight narrowing of your eyes and the most minute clenching of your jaw to know you're upset.'

She sighs, eyes searching mine as she moves toward me again. 'You saw what happened in France.' She then squints. 'Despite all its virtues, it's also a place of unbearable memories, ones I'd rather not explore.'

I swallow hard shaking looking into her past- like a faded movie,

remembering the images with her, I viewed in looking deep into her memories, lost in her mind, ‘like a penny on the floor… worthless- my depression a sickness that keeps me, spring-like atop- my mind turning, my curse- or just my illusion?

Until my death until we part for better or for worse- locked in your heart-shaped box forever, I thought or was thinking to note but decillions, what little time we spent lost in my mind forever- whatever never mind.’

Naddalin is hiding in a small dark cupboard, watching her parents being

murdered, seeing it along with me, she and I shared recalling the moment, back when she was in her playpen.

By thugs' intent on obtaining the elixir-then later, abused as a ward of the church until the Black Plague swept through France and she encouraged Haven and the rest of the orphans to drink the immortal juice, hoping only to heal and having no idea it would grant eternal life-and I cannot help but feel like the world's worst girlfriend for bringing it up.

'I prefer to focus on the present.' She nods, gesturing around the large

empty room. ‘And right now, I need your help furnishing the space. I am starting to like a nice, clean, contemporary look when shopping for home decor.

And though I was thinking of leaving it more than empty, to emphasize the size of the rooms- that is well very tiny, I suppose we should try-’ I gasp, practically choking on the word as my voice raises several octaves at the end, think that this girl is now a woman!

I remember you saying- ‘I’m selling the house- in a year and moving on with my life.’ She shrugs. ‘I thought you would understand?’

‘But- you can your one of us now… you can now see all this too, okay she said to her, and just like that they were ripped back into the moments where they were sitting eating in the hall, of the school.’

I gaze around, longing for that ancient velvet sofa with the lumpy cushions, knowing it would give the perfect landing for when my body with I am so tired I collapse and my head quietly explodes, for all the chatter- that it must here and there are no ways of to turn them off- they just keep babbling in my mind. I need to have a real-life with real-real- you like all thing that is really- like

real friends too, not just the fantasy world that you refuse to see that is not a reality.

‘Don’t look so upset. Nothing has changed. It is just a house, I never wanted her to get rid of this home after I was nice enough to make it happen to her.

A seriously under an oversized house, though it was, I need to move on from. Naddalin was mumbling crazily and softly talking to herself. Saying the same things over and over repeats.

And just like that she was gone and said OKAY if that is what you want Dariez… and Naddalin vanished right

before her eyes- within the air. Moreover, that was the last time I saw her- ‘till now.

Nonetheless, I just stood there instead, determined to keep it together. Gazing at my ridiculously gorgeous girlfriend of the last years as though it was the first time we had met. Besides, I have needed all the space anyway, I have a new boyfriend, as you may or may not know me and Stan are going to have a baby. they're never going to be enough rooms or rooms for three.’

‘And what exactly are you planning to replace it with, then? A tent?’

‘I just thought I’d move in with him, that’s all.’ Her gaze is pleading, begging me to understand, I did yet I thought she was throwing her new life away that I got for her, ‘Nothing sinister, Ever- yet a way of what could be power- and taking my place someday- ever one said the next. ‘Nothing meant to hurt you, but I don’t want it’

I did not say- yet I thought you are stuck with regardless, you are hexed, and at that point, I was out of her mind- for good- yet them- they were in it forever, and I was not going to stop it now.

I was studying her closely, wondering what has gotten into her, wanting to just say it was all over, and where they will end up without her- yet she said to me- he is looking for innocents and he has found it- so-o go-o.

‘I mean, Naddalin, if you’re seriously looking for a fight, I don’t want it, why not just manifest something in your crazy head about how wrong I am and can go on?

I flick my gaze over her, moving from her glorious heard of longish dark glossy hair to her perfect rubber flip-flop–shod feet, remembering how, not so long

ago, I longed to be normal again, just like everyone else. But now that I am getting used to my powers, I do not see the point.

‘What’s this really about- I thought?’ I squint, feeling more than a little betrayed.’

‘I mean, you’re the one who got me here.’ Oh, I was- mortified.

You are the one who made me the- way- I am.

Right- and now that I am finally adjusted, you decide to jump ship?

‘Seriously! Why are you doing?’

But instead of answering, she just closes her eyes.

Projecting an image of the two of us laughing and happy, frolicking on a beautiful, black-sand beach- remember all the good times. Saying this is it… thanks for the memories. But I just shake my head and cross my arms tighter, refusing to play until my questions are answered, about her and them…

She sighs and stares out the window of the tiny home for the last time looking back at me with the sun shining brightly, then turning toward me when she says, ‘I’ve already told you, my only

recourse, my only way out of the hell making- as I should have, it all karma- and I want what I lost.

And the only way to do that is to relinquish the manifesting, the high life, the big-spending, and all the other extravagances- I have indulged myself in for the last hundred years, so I can live the life of an ordinary citizen, too. -I understand, Honest, hardworking, and humble, with the same day-to-day struggles as anyone else- if not more- go for it.'

Start:

Chapter 1

The Year was, and I remember back to- 2019, forgive me… Whereat the Cambria, fair, and I are holding cotton candy?

Remember-

~*~

Night-

Come on, honey, let us get you ready for bed, I was 13 at the time.

I am no special girl here, just a collective girl here doing a thing as I should, think of boys and rubbing myself

on then in my thoughts at night, I read, I think, I even poop too, throw girl are not allowed to say that right, not in these times.

All way with sweet and common girlie thoughts.

-She has a teddy bear and is looking for young love, and hot passionate nights.

I have led a common little life. There is no testimonials dedication to me or for me, yet I may be dying of something bad, I can say. Plus, my name Andria will soon be unable to be remembered by all that was of the past

days. But in a single difference, I- myself thrived as magnificently as anyone who ever lived a young dumb yet cute life. Looking good, girl. As I walk the halls of this big creepy place. ‘I feel okay today.’ Yours truly here feels that she loved another boy with all my heart, and soul, body, and mind. My soul and for me, that has always been enough to give to him if that would have wished.

Chapter: 2

How is it feeling and doing, honey- bunny? Going to kick it- I keep trying to die, but they will not let me say I am so stinking cute. Well, you cannot

have everything even if it is fading or living without pain on both. Immense day today I have planned. You say that every day, with a cute-wost-ie smile on your little blond-haired blue-eyed face, you little angel. It is a lovely day outside. Let us take a walk, outside of today, we do not think so, you are not able to at- all-yet. (Wishful thinking) Well, we must get you out of this room. Come on now, honey goes to the playroom and does coloring and things like that. Some fresh air is what I want! Grrrr!

Chapter: 3

It is all good I do what I always do no complaints, good morning. I am so sad and sorry at this point of my beginnings starts of my young little life, it is not a good day, to be me; I want to play and dance and sing and do girl little cute-z things like painting my toenail to match my toes-ie ones. I have a long sunn-ie dress and not as much hair as I did, but it is fix-abele if I work for it. OUTSIDE? I asked. She said- baby- girl- I do not think it can happen."

The nurse says- she is up for anything.

Chapter: 4

Hello? (Boy) I like him, he is funny and handsome. This is me! doors fly open as she runs and stops runs and stops looking in at the dying kids in their rooms and beds, the older boy David- he comes to read to you. Read a kiddie story of hope and love and goo-goo-ness, with unicorns and ponies? –Yeah- not that pain starts within me, and I feel as I had to run to the bathroom to not keep it down the treatments are talking to me, I do not know if this is a goodie thing-ie.

Oh, come on, back to bed, and sleep this off, it goes in OUCH-ies, and her sweet little- light goes out.

Ahh… snoring, yet one old bitty' said- All right now, that keep her away for three hours.

(Noon)

Where did we leave off? In the story… Oh, yes, yes, here it is- baby. It was the night of the carnival, a news story this time, I knew yet I did not remember it, I lost something I could feel yet they do not tell me anything, so I figured out what I could, yet that not much being my age. 'David was there with his friends and Maraca.' -David? -That is where those both met- them… It was around the time

and date of September- 19th of 2014, Andria was years nine old or so.

(Girl) She has the same name as me. See you then there at the park- groundwater squirting game: little girl wins a prize. He tried to get her something yet epic failed! Foodie! I watched that off so hard, no ding-a-ling-ing here. -Thank you for playing- a boy. -Hah, you are funny I am a man here not a boy. Man, I clobbered, it is all good she bears hugged him for being just him and that was sometimes being, cute yet very dumb for the acting of dumbness. I bet that thing, Yuck-ie- funny it did not come off, oh that that thing.

I am telling you I did baby; these games are rigged.

Chapter: 5

The nighttime before bedtime, hello, it was him I remember some of the stories now, that he said earlier… -How are you, good- feeling good? Howdy, what is your name, U- NO it baby thinks- hard …?... I do not think I do- and story time starts for her, as she thinks on. Footstep comes right up here now. Over the knob, certainly. Whoa. Yeah-a, singing it out in a hum,

- Who is this girl with Maraca?

- Her name’s Andria Samilton.

She is here for the summer with her family.

Dad’s is the poorest around, yet she cute right good butt for you.

Ha- funny then why haven’t you been with her yet?

Walked apart to see this girl.

- Hello, Paulie!

- Hi, honey.

Look, I won you a prize, he rips one down from the mouse game as she walked towards him.

That woman was P-O-ed, at the game, yet they walk off one arm wrapped around.

Paulie- oh, thank you! She giggled without thinking at the thought of him and she ran around like a mouse on the wheel of the game. Ow-ha! A bear- cute- Love! He said -yeah, -sure- kiss me! They did… Hey great, huh I look at David like I hooked her?

Chapter: 6

Hey, Andria, you want some cotton candy baby-girl? - Umm, okay honey. That would be so much fun if you want someone. Sure, look down there…

GOD keep it in there I do not want to see it, she said. You only get one chance, teenager. You want to dance with me or ride with me, or on me, or something like that?

I am David Talhhoun.

SO-o?

- So, it is nice to meet you.

- Andria, who is this guy?

- I do not know, David Talhhoun.

- I would like to take you out.

- Friend! Do you mind?

You cannot sit more than two people in a chair, David.

Go out?

- No.

- Why not?

- Because- I do not want to.

David, she is with us, so do not chase her away with your dumbness, and crap.

Hey, Andria, you want to ride the merry-go-round?

Up down, up-down, up Down- they went like their love life would go.

- I would love to suggggggerrrr.

They are kissing- and feeling each other out in the tunnel-of-love.

- All right the boy said in the 1st seat.

Love is all we need right- the book closes for the night as she falls asleep on him.

(Boy) walks out of the room kissing her forehead and says I will never forget you as you did with me yet love and luck do not always go hand and hand.

Chapter: 7

Reason with me. Plea me. - David Talhhoun.

- What?

Works down at McDonalds with Paulie age seventeen.

Oh… Did you see he was standing like that god do you think it is- like- oh?

Run up- he dad- like not even one inch away from her face? GOD- what do you want to from me, she said not happy, yes, I saw, said the girlfriend, that’s David, though. Always doing the crazies, are you at all surprised, not at all I like it, yet I do not, we will see I do not know yet, I girl what can I say. He even came over

to you, like he was going to kiss you and not even know your name first. Sweet but creepy!

He likes you, she said with delight. Yes, my dad would too. I think- Nah- for now anyway. Hey what... jerk... as he pulled my hair, saying I was cute. Get off me, I said as he was all wrapped around me going for it all. God older boy- Do not touch me. -Hey!

I love you, girl, without a name! - Well, I... ugh! HUM, I thought about him and what I saw there. What are you doing tonight?

Hey, you cannot do that as she runs off the merry-go-round! As she was there, he almost falls on his tushie, I will pay you when I get off, Dan.

-He asked you out-

Yes, he did- I like him- eyes rolled dreamily, both hands fly upon her red cheeks. Okay, Dan, I will get- it- oh- off, all right. Get off, David, you need to come…. (Girls-What?) Award stop in his yelling words- 'OFF' as it spins 'round, you need to come- what…? Off.

He tripped you are going to kill yourself for her boy! David, cut it out,

boy. Now, will you go out with me as he hopped on my hose-ie? What the freak?

- No?

Hey boy, she just told you.

It keeps going around. Rings being tossed in the mouth of the clown.

Lean into it so you do not fall getting off, it goes, fast.

Why not?

I do not know you at all, and because

I do not want to. You do not need to know me to 1st date girl. How else do

you get to know someone if you do not try first- dates, go by what your friends say?

David!

Come again? Would you- GO!

NO! He spoke.

Girl- Well, you leave me no other choice then. Oh, my God gets it in your head and not that one I do not want it. I am not kidding; I am falling for you. David, stop misleading around.

- What are you doing?

- I am going to ask you one more time, he kisses her on the cheek, from behind. Will you… NOW as he gets

up on her and the house, doing things I can say, yet think like a boy. Will you go out with me?

David, you had better come on and stop it. Girlfriend next one over… my leg is slipping.

- Then get down and off, you idiot. That way I am doing if she says- yes. Not until she decides. ‘Aw, go on out with him, baby said some old man in next row.’ All right, all right, her and goes down his undies, and then see feel it and push him off, I will go out with you. She knew it was all love, she was feeling it too. It was up

to my butt so- yeah- feel in the blanks here.

Chapter: 8

What?

Who?

When?

Why?

They?

It?

Some?

Doing it?

No, do not do me any favors if you say yes, he spun out on the floor of the ride.

No, no. Do I want to, yes?

Do you want to?

Did she say Sucking- yes!

Do you want to?

Yes!

Say it again.

I want to go out with you- now.

Say it again.

I want to go out with you.

All right, all right God keep it in your pants!

We will go out.

You think you are so clever, do you not?

David, you idiot! She spoke.

She remembers my name- yes!

Girlfriend- That was not funny, nope, it is okay hun, I will take care of this boy soon.

Girl asked- on her deathbed- I remember the girl from the Carnival, right… she was my friend, right?

Do you remember me? I asked with wondering thoughts- of hope.

Yes, sure, the boy that reads to me, not the boy- what was he called- Mr. Bonner, was it? He looked pickled. How could I overlook the speculations of me wondering thought-age? I wanted to clear that up with you because I am categorically regretful about that all.

It remained an imprudent thing to do... on that ride, to talk to somebody. But then again, I had God was saying she was my baby angel sent from the heavens.

I had to see I could get her naked before the night was over. To be next to

you. I was being so pulled into you. Um… oh, what a saying here, it is nice, so nice! Do you use that on all the babes?

- No, not all just you hun.

- Right, you are dumb.

I saw you all rubbed up against your little girlie friend what is her name with brown hair and green eyes.

- What are you doing tonight?

- Could you repeat that? Go out tomorrow night?

What do you say, baby? What about this weekend, stay at a hotel or whatever?

I know what you want, I do not give that to boys.

- Why?

Our date then?

Maybe- she walked away- skipping, and humming show tunes.

I did not even say I would go on that date with you.

The date that you agreed to go on with me.

No...!

Yes, you promised.

You pledged and you swore it did you not.

Sound good, I speculate the thoughts of yes or no: Yes, for you would have killed me with it behind me if not. I changed my mind over time to yes or no, I must see, maybe?

Look, I know you get some dirty boys coming up to you on the street doing crazy things... I do not know him. Why do I act as if I do? You do not know me by now do not you, I know me and that is good enough, right?

Chapter: 9

Plus, when I see something that I like, I love to see the small-town charms- ha… I love it. I go… I mean, I go crazy for it. Okay, what are you speaking of? Well, you, see into me, you do.

Oh, you are good at this ant you. What the Hel-? You are too moral. Certainly not. No, you are getting me wrong. You have it all now, yet not me. But you-

You are something ant you.

You are your ant putting badly. You are whimsical, fanciful, unusual, imaginative, original, creative, and

quirky, and I would even give you impulsive and capricious.

Hugh?

I am not.

You are so stupid, I like that…?

Chapter: 10

You are so go-o, I am mesmerized. I am not frequently like this, I am sorry. You make me dumb feeling and acting.

Uhm, oh my- like- yes, you are. I can be amusing if you want… thoughtful, uh, smart, um, illogical, and courageous. And uh… I can be light on my feet. I could

be your all and wonder, and magical, whatever you want. You just tell me what you want me to be, and I do that- love. I will be that for you forever and ever never let go of you to the day you or me, am not around to say- I love you.

You are CUTELY dumb and love me I see that. OKAY! You win, not smart- I could be that for you too.

Come on, let us go for this date, you want as bad as me. What is it going to hurt if we do things after and now? Umm... ah- uh- I do not think as a result so maybe it is okay if I am like you. Fine, what can I do to change your mind?

Andria, you remember David, don’t you? The move adds start whit supposition- you will total and get something out. You unquestionable she is coming for it hard? Lessen, chum, it is all set up. We are meeting her for the late show tonight so back off her. Look… what did… I tell you what? Come on now and see this movie picture.

Oh, my goodness, it is bad, his hand on mine… I feel more to come. What a happenstance she felt! Kissing him with popcorn, and the taste of butter, and Pepsi, I need to talk to you for a second. He is here…! He was sitting on my hand,

and the other way around, yes, I remember- Yah.

- Come here.

- Paulie!

- Hi.

- You look great.

- Hullo.

- It is nice to see you yet again.

- You are too.

- Aw, thanks.

You look great and feel good next to me. She is kissing my ear, saying sweet nothing.

You do look great. You look great. And I know I look great, said Paulie, so could we please see this movie now and hush up?

The show's about to start. After you, he asked for a kiss on the lips. You come back here, baby. You are not going to catch me; she runs for the water's edge and prattles boats. Swans all around them as they kiss in the sunshine, next to the old steam train puffing down next to the oak trees and picnic tables.

See her as she runs, wild and carefree, in stupid love, with such a poor boy.

Chapter: 11

I am supposed to catch you! Kiss, kiss, kiss, lip bite, eyes tight, and lashes long on his cheeks. I am faster than you.

No, you are not… You are not- you are not- you cannot!

Nope, No…!

I am wet for you now, just drenched with the water on the edge. I will get you, baby girl! I am going to get… Here I come! Let me love you.

You had better run fast! And then met slowly in a hug, run and it is falling in love again, being apart for that long. Park

and outlying past them all, that looked past all the rides too.

Love after, after falling madly in love, love, love, a- love. The big wheel in the sky is lighting fireworks off above and inward.

Wait for me, baby girl- I see you there, never about where they, never- ever apart- I would even sleep with me in the night for I said, I was scared, and ran into his bed, held tightly.

Chapter: 12

(Back on the first date)

Want to walk with me to my house? He did old ways I said- mom well loves you for this. Her- what happened? … In that movie? We did not even see it I could not even tell you for sure.

Here you go. Thank you for this night we did not even kiss at the door mom was looking so yes. What are you guys doing now and then? We giggled and did say anything but the truth.

Even if I was open to him now. Yes, what is going on with you too? Yes, is that all…?

…Just and movie no more no less- um she now by the look on my face, and

the glow you- un-floweriness. Mom passed a week later than I had. Do you guys feel it for each other? Yes- yes- we do.

Do you-ah Love each other? Yes- I love him! I love her too. Oh, I get it. You guys do love each other, THEN HUN?

Do not do anything you are going to regret I would not do. Unacceptable, goodbye.

All right, all right. Mm… That was fun, we are going to do it again. Mm-hmm. I have not seen a movie in ages. Really?

Huh-uh. Not meanwhile I was a little kid. Pardon? Nope, I, uh…ah? I am

busy, you know, I do not have that much time do not yah- see. Are you busy? -hmm- Mm- I have a very stern agenda.

My days are all planned out even back then, I had to deal with this crap. I get up in the morning... banquet, school day, get it in- here- work on homework here, play some all alone, reading time, bath time and sleep time and do it all over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over. Math, English tutor, lunch at some point if I can hold it down, music lessons- piano lesson, and that about all they will

like me do, TV. It is nice when it works also.

And after dinner and blowing it all over- I spend time with my family, for three hours before they go home, and I say here all alone in this glowing white and could room, next to my bedmate Sam. She does do or say a lot. She has a week to live, and she is five years old. And then l... I catch up on some reading, she is sawing logs! Wow stop breathing- um I think about that one hard and then say- Nah- do not do that.

Oh, Mom and Daddy see you soon pull through one more day baby.

We decided to pull the plug- so she would not suffer- age ten.

We all gather around to see her. Everything is over… they look down on the life she never had- yet she has a sketchbook of her short life here. No, not everything is readable- however, it is all there in her handwriting. But the important thing is she was remembering for her. And then everything else, she was not. And that way youth and innocents with young love mixed in. free- and wild to see life fade fast. You get to decide all by yourself to live on or let go?

She did not we did- the hardest thing a dad must do is she, someone, you love to go- before you. It had to be I would say- it had to be this way. I do not get it either.

Why?

God- or whomever why make the plan of killing sweet little kids? Why do you want to do this to me- why? Mom- she never stopped crying; it has been four years now.

Chapter: 13

I will always think of you that way, I will think of you in the morning sun and when the night is new...

I will be looking at the moon and think of you…

But the first time I ever saw your face-

The first time I ever saw your face-

I will be seeing you.

Morning, Mr. Talhhoun.

Mr. Talhhoun?

Call Dr. Mandite Von and USC, okay? I have no; I got no pulse anymore- she said. I have nothing to say, just how I love you and you feel that even now with things gone like even if your heart is new,

it feels the same to me and you. Let them know we are in full arrest. Call me- on my cell if you can, if you can this evening, I see you tomorrow if I can and you can. All right, we will do this if we can.

We talked about this. It is all right now sleep, and rest now think about your life and how it was. Come on, come on, sweetie. Okay, yes, come on, let us go. Time to go- It is okay, baby, come on. You know it is.

Just try not to get her over happy she needs rest not a boyfriend right now, said, mom.

Oh, Mr. Talhhoun you came to see her.

Welcome back, the baby girl sees that you went through all that well. How do you feel? Finally, Apt as a swindle. Where are you going girl at the stand asked? I was just taking a walk, thinking about how- I cannot sleep without her. Fine, you know you are not supposed to, it is against the rules. Yes,

I know. You were not going for a walk, were you? You were going to see Miss Andria again was not you. I just got out of the hospital, and I miss her you see.

Mr. Talhhoun, I am sorry you can be coming in out of her room like that at night, but I cannot let you see her tonight. Here and now, you are going to have to go back to your room. As for me, I am going to go downstairs and get myself a cup of coffee. I will not be back to check on you for a while, so do not do anything foolish- I want to go to do that- I just want to see him if I can-

Hi.

David.

David.

Hi Baby girl. I am sorry I have not been able to be here to read to you.

I did not know what to do. I was frightened you were not ever coming back to me my love. I will continuously come back. What is going to happen when I cannot remember anything to any further extent? What will you do? I will be here always and ever. I will never- ever leave you. I need to ask you something. What is it, Baby girl?

Do you think that our love can marvel? Sure, I do if the same. That is what conveys you back to me each time.

Do you think our love could take us away together even if I go away from

you? I think our love can do something we want it to.

I love you.

I love you, Andria.

Good night.

Good night.

I will be seeing you there soon.

Chapter: 14

I want to show you something, the boy said I had this; it was hers.

- David, what are you doing? As the pages started to show and he read out- to them as he did with her- day in

and day out. -What now? She loves to paint. Yes? -Mm-hmm. Huh. Most of the time, I have all these drawings shown in here and look over then seeing her do them going back to the time she did them. Thoughts bouncing around in my head. Are you okay? Why are you crying? It is all good, I said whipping them away.

(Memory)

Do you want to dance with me? Now? Sure. -Mm-hmm. Is the song playing in the background? Mm-hmm.

I want to fly like a colorful bird- so, I do not have to be here and see the

world under them, and I rush over their heads, are you going to be one-two?

If you are a birdie, I am a birdie. Come on, darling, do not do this to yourself- What are you doing? You need to hear all this, there is a thing you do not know about us. Do not. Do not! Okay then if you insist. Here we go, reading easily- Okay, okay. We were crazy about each other. Yes, we know- Okay, Daddy- Oh, and Daddy I love him- she said here in her book quoting her life.

I want to meet her in heaven now. This young man is not going to make it.

Heartbroken he is… Okay. I am okay… Nope… he ant. Good night, Daddy, as she ran to me and left you for a night out- of fun and games.

Good- night, first kiss we had done you see this? Oh, that is lovely, dear. Her dream was like a movie- I want a big old porch that wraps around the walkway and a big old entire into the house. We can drink sugary soda and candy... nonstop. Big windows and open doors to watch the sun go down, no shade, like here.

-Do you promise? This for me? Hmm- Mm, I promise. Yes! Where are you

going? Is something happening to me? Here… Always next to you. Wow… This is the part you all need to hear for sure. What that dear? Ha-hum?

She said- make love to me. David… -Yeah?

The old-rick-at-ie Covered Bridge I waited for her to say when and where.

Did she say- David? Okay, I want you? I want you to- And it all happened… all and everything, which makes a girl a woman. And…? Did…? … you…?

…?…

Um…?

I know I said, the kiss… I want you to make love to me, she asked once more.

So, I did- we did- it was not easy for me- know what I was doing and she not. She said- you are going to have to walk me through this sex like this, it broke, she feels, so did I the kissing lots. Right.

You, all right? -Yeah, it is okay- it is okay. I asked- Did I hurt you? -No, no. Dad said we know… boy we know- it was good she had her magical boyfriend he was you, which was her dying wish, to have love and feel the love.

I am just having a lot of thoughts, like age and things. It is Okay!

I should go- over this I feel… No, I do not want you to go. I got to think… about what I did here. Come here and talk to us. You are not leaving till it is all been said.

I am so happy that you did. Um- yes. You got so much ahead of you. Yet not love, he said. It is true… I will never love another girl, at all. I am not going to have wonderful things, fancy things, sure but not her… I do not want to live without it. It is never going to happen to me. Sh- hh- boy- stop. It is not in the cards for me,

don’t you see it was all ripped away, like her life, why? Stop it! You are going to die too, and we do not need that on top. Oh! You know what? I am going to do it.

It is over. Okay? What is over? Come here.

The first time I ever saw her face- was…

He passed with a broken heart.

(Falling to the floor with a thud.)